Saturday Review

DECEMBER 26, 1959 / 25¢

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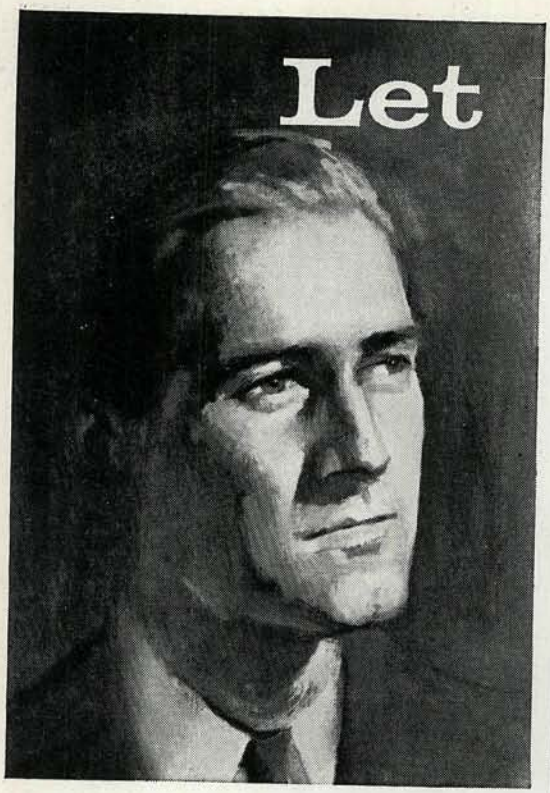

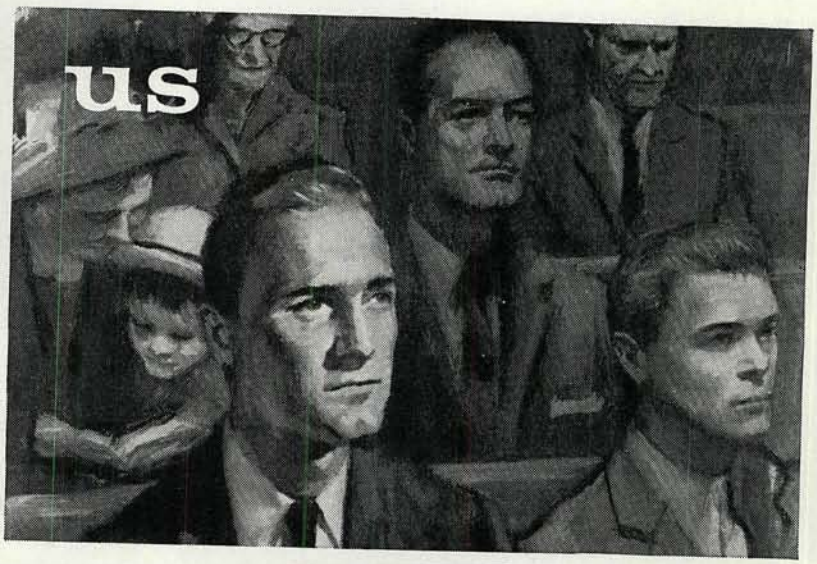

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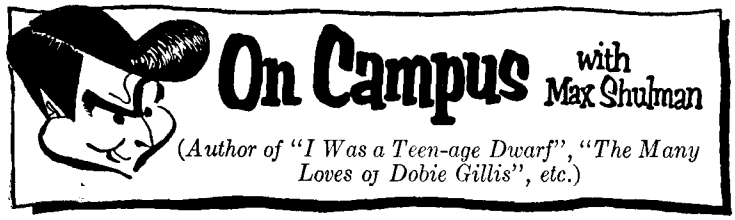

AMERICAN LITERATURE: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Today, as a service to students of American literature, this column presents digests of two classic American novels:

THE SCARLET LETTER
by Nathaniel "Swifty" Hawthorne

This is a heart-rending story of a humble New England lass named Hester Prynne who is so poor that she does not have what to eat nor a roof to cover her head. But she is a brave, brawny girl and she never complains, and by and by her patience is rewarded: in the summer of 1859 she wins a football scholarship to Alabama.

Hard-working Hester soon wins her letter and everyone says she is a shoo-in for All-Conference honors, but along comes the War Between the States and football, alas, is dropped for the duration.

Poor Hester goes back to New England. It is a bitter cold winter and poor Hester, alas, does not have any warm clothing except for her football sweater from Alabama, but that, alas, has a big scarlet "A" on the front of it and she can hardly wear such a thing in New England where Union sentiment runs so high.

Poor Hester, alas, freezes to death.

LITTLE WOMEN
by Louisa May "Bubbles" Alcott

The Marches are a very happy family—and for no discernible reason. They are poor as snakes; they work from cockcrow to evensong; their dear old father Philip is away with the Union armies; and they can't do a thing with their hair.

Still, nothing can dampen the spirits of madcap Meg, jocular Jo, buoyant Beth, animated Amy, and crazy old Marmee, as the merry March girls laughingly call their lovable mother.

Well sir, one Christmas the March girls get an invitation to a ball. They are dying to go because they never have any fun at all except maybe a few chuckles during the hog-rendering season. But Beth reminds her sisters that they can hardly go traipsing off to a ball and leave poor Marmee all alone at Christmas time. The sisters swear a lot, but they finally agree with Beth.

Marmee, however, will not hear of it. "Land's sakes, little women!" she cries. "You must go to the ball and have some fun. There will be fruit punch and Toll House cookies and Early American sandwiches. Best of all, there will be morris dancing. Oh, how your father and I used to love that!"

"I never knew father could dance," cries Meg.

"Oh yeah?" cries Marmee. "You should have seen Philip morris."

Everyone says she's a Shoo-in for All-conference honors

"Was Philip a good morriser?" cries Jo.

"The best!" cries Marmee. "Philip could morris in soft pack or flip-top box and was full of fine, fresh, natural mildness!"

The girls are cheered to hear this and go to the ball. Marmee stays home alone, but soon gets a wonderful surprise: Philip comes back from the war!

When the girls return from the ball, they find Marmee and Philip morrising, and they cry "Huzzah!" and throw their poke bonnets in the air, where they are to this day.

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* * *

And speaking of literature, in our book the best selection of cigarettes on the market today comes from Philip Morris Inc.—Marlboro filters; new Alpines, high filtration and light menthol—and, of course, mild, unfiltered Philip Morris.

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 26, 1959

Cover photograph: Stravinsky at Paestum. A Columbia Record Photo by Robert Emmett Bright. (See Recordings Section)

THE DALLAS CONFERENCE

Religion and Freedom in the Modern World

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TRADE Winds

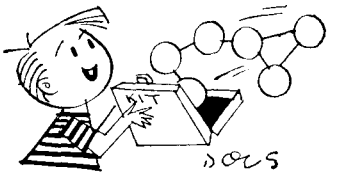
THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS. For the first time in its forty-four years of existence, the Briarcliff, New York, Free Library has a home of its own. Up until now it has had to make do in such locations as the Village Hall, Recreation Hall, gift shops, etc., according to librarian Mrs. William Osborn.

The new edifice was until last year the railroad station of the Putnam Division of the New York Central. The railroad brought the whole division to a halt, also bringing thousands of commuters in Westchester and Putnam counties to a momentary halt while they found other means of reaching New York. But now the road to the ex-depot has been rechristened Library Place and suburbanites will read, browse and consider it a wonderful way not to run a railroad.

MODESTY will not prevent me from mentioning that any library in a depot should have on hand my new book, "Show Me the Way to Go Home: The Commuter Story." I would be merely factual if I reported that reviewers found it amusing and informative, and that it is in a third printing. But with the payola scandal, and the overnight switch by our nation from amorality to purity, one must not permit even the slightest doubt to be cast upon one's motives. Therefore, I have carefully refrained from spinning any records that were cut in my own studios. This brief notice, then, is to ask you—please!—if you have entertained the thought of purchasing one or more copies of my book just because I mentioned it here—don't! I would not be able to explain it satisfactorily to the DA or the Committee. Thank you very much.

ONE OF THE MANY interesting developments in the publishing business this fall was when Basic Books began selling its Science Materials Center kits in fifty bookstores throughout the country. Portable laboratories, these kits range from a do-it-yourself digital computer to an animated electric bell for nursery school students. They allow hundreds of experiments in such subjects as static electricity, light and color, magnetism, radiation detection, etc. Each store has its "science materials center," and there is usually a teacher in each community who acts as advisor and who appears regularly at the store to help out.

This is a great promotion idea, and it has been sparked by Arthur Rosenthal, president of Basic Books, who told me that his philosophy of publishing is to pick areas of special interests and follow in those specific directions. The first popular success of the ten-year-old company was the three-volume Freud biography. Somehow this led into the physical sciences and into the book club called Library of Science; they are now publishing heavily in this field. The Science Materials Center grew out of the firm's contacts with scientists, a sure thing if I ever saw one.



ROSENTHAL TOLD ME, "The bookstore needs more help than the average publisher gives it, particularly since every bookstore is in competition with price-cutters, book clubs, supermarkets, and the publishers themselves. As an example of our approach—next fall we bring out a line of juvenile books in science and naturally these will be displayed near the kits. I regard this as a way of bringing more new young people into the store. Publishers must help booksellers develop public service as well as merchandising techniques if they are to compete.

"For example, I've been trying to get the local store near my home to have readings for little kids. Almost the same thing we've done with science could be done with nature, English literature, history. Why, I'd like my four-year-old to hear poetry. Not many stores are big enough, of course, but it's an idea. Many things could be done to make a bookstore more than a shopping center. It should be the neighborhood center for the stimulation of ideas.

Rosenthal (Yale '41) has a fine idea. He wants the American Book Publishers Council to sponsor a real, live bookstore which would also be used as a laboratory to make experiments, conduct surveys, and keep records and figures. The knowledge would then be offered to the bookshop proprietors of the nation.

All in favor say aye. Aye!

"I KID YOU NOT," writes my spy stationed in the David McKay Company command post. "'Dominoes' plus subtitle is a runaway on the Coast. Paul Elder, who runs one of the biggest bookstores in San Francisco, reported to the *Examiner* that it was having the biggest advance sale of the season. Our sales manager said it would—if this were the kind of book booksellers reported on the best seller list—be among the top five in the Bay area. Guess San Franciscans will soon stop listening to jazz poetry, and the beatniks will join the bankers and other executive types who play this game like crazy."

Well, now I'll explain all this to you. The subtitle refers to the name of the book: "Dominoes. Five-up and Other Games Including Official Rules and Odds." It's said to be the first complete book on dominoes, even though the game is at least 300 years old. Dominic C. Armanino, who wrote the book, is a vice president of the American Trust Company in San Francisco, and one of the most avid of the 100,000 devotees of the game in that area. He and the others concentrate mostly on Five-Up, the most popular and familiar version of dominoes. Of course, there are all sorts of subtleties which are explained in "Dominoes." And apparently the game is so competitive that the screams of the defeated can be heard outside any downtown luncheon club during the noon hour and beyond. Maybe the production of this book helps to explain what bankers do with their time.

THE INTELLECTUALS OF POLAND, who have been rather footloose and fancy free lately, have found the pressure on them again. The writers in particular now believe that the Party has decided to restrict them more and more. It was only a year ago that the Polish Union of Writers adopted a resolution denouncing government censorship and calling for a fight to defend freedom of expression.

None of that nonsense now. Editors of the state publishing houses seem to be turning down more books; writers who haven't conformed have found themselves without jobs in a country where you can't make a living just writing. A few weeks ago *The New York Times* reported that some of the most important writers were talking about withdrawing in silent protest from the leadership of the Writers Union.

In the midst of this an unusual development is about to take place. Ernest Hemingway has established an award to be given to a Polish writer. The money will consist of the royalties earned by the new Polish translation of "The Green Hills of Africa," to which Hemingway has added $1,000 in cash. The still-unrevealed details of the award—such as how often and who and how—are being handled by the man who did the translation, Bronislaw Zielinski.

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The author's motive is to offer some incentive to the writers of Poland. Let's hope the Party likes the idea.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: I wonder if Brentano's in Washington has a sign posted like the one they had up last year: "Calenders for Sale."

► An executive of a big publishing house in New York had his office redecorated and thought that autographed pictures of the firm's best authors would look nice on the wall. He obtained twelve. Eleven of their books had been ghosted.

► Speaking of that, there recently was a case of a ghost who was ghosted.

A famous television detective had his book written by a West Coast writer. When the publisher got it in New York it had to be rewritten by a New York newspaperman.

► Publisher Bob Crowell took his teenaged children to Canada, where they saw four sights they had never witnessed before: they stood in a general store (that's 1) and watched a grocer measure sugar (2), and a butcher cut meat (3). Just then a steam engine went by (4).

► That's Show Biz. Paar's associate Hugh Downs told an interviewer: "A publisher has asked me to do a book, for which he paid me a $5,000 advance. But that's peanuts compared with the advance Jack got on his book, $35,000."

► I received a letter from IBM. "THINK," read the back of the envelope. On the front, in addition to my name and address, was the message, "Postage due 4 Cents." Someone had forgotten to put a stamp on it.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1343)

STICKNEY:

VILLAGE CHRISTMAS TREE

Just at the village edge
where the two roads divide,
clasping a triangle of green,
it stands,
erect, symmetrical,
shedding a flowering glow
across the darkness.

This is no fragile stranger from afar,
but ours . . .
this shining of the Christmas Star.

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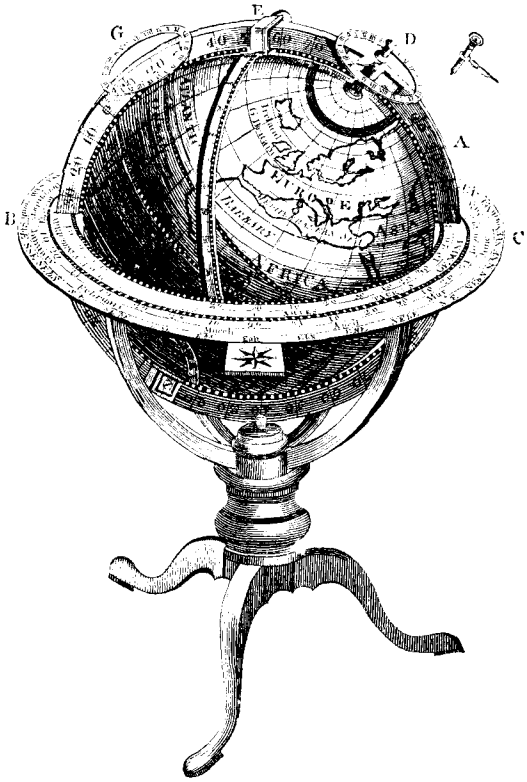
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 26, 1959

CRACKING THE SOVEREIGNTY BARRIER



By ELMO ROPER, *public opinion analyst and SR editor-at-large.*

SOVEREIGNTY is in danger in the modern world. Like so many familiar and accustomed concepts, sovereignty is today threatened from without by changed world realities and from within by confusions and misunderstandings over its essential nature.

What is sovereignty? It seems to me that is not one question, but rather resolves itself into two distinct problems: "In whose hands does sovereignty rightfully belong?" and "What is its geographic scope?" Great minds have wrestled with both questions from early Greek times; their answers have changed with the centuries; but neither question has been decisively settled.

As to the first question, the arguments over who should hold power in a community were stated in comprehensive form by Plato, who concluded that the best should govern, and by Aristotle as well, who approached the problem in his usual practical manner, presented the virtues of several forms of government, and even had some good words to say for democracy, at least within limits. But the idea that every man had an inherent *right* to participate in the running of his society's governmental affairs was foreign to early Greek thought.

Christianity contributed the radical idea of the equality of men. Medieval society was not, of course, based on that equality. It was rather an elaborately graded hierarchy, wherein every man knew exactly where he stood in relation to all other classes of men, to whom he was bound by a system of reciprocal rights and obligations. And as long as that organized system "worked," sovereignty was no problem for the medieval mind.

THE modern concept of sovereignty was born along with the modern state, and the confusions that accompanied that birth have lingered about it to this day. The concept of sovereignty arose to solve the very practical problem of establishing a new source of order to replace the no longer functioning medieval system. Not that the old system had silently slipped away, but the Renaissance and Reformation had shaken its foundations and the turmoil that followed made order and stability the requirement of the day. Power moved irresistibly to the kings, as the only alternative to anarchy and war other than the Church. This movement of power was bolstered by the philosophers, in particular by Bodin, who in the sixteenth century put forth a new concept of governing power. As Bodin put it, "Majesty or Sovereignty is the most high, absolute, and perpetual power over the citizens and subjects in a Commonweal." This was a concept of power foreign to medieval thinking, in which no man had absolute power over another; it set the tone for the discussion of power from that time on.

The need, as early modern thinkers saw it, was urgent, and dictated such strong measures. For such a man as Thomas Hobbes, who in the seventeenth century saw human life in the state of nature as "solitary, poore, nasty, brutish and short," an absolute sovereign was a small price to pay for the possibility of living in peace. To Hobbes, "The only way to erect a common power, as may be able to defend them [the people] from the invasion of foreigners and the injuries of one another and thereby to secure them in such sort, as that by their own industry, and by the fruits of the earth, they may nourish themselves and live contentedly; is to confer all their power and strength upon one man, or upon one assembly of men. . . For by this authority, given him by every particular man in the commonwealth, he hath the use of so much power and strength conferred upon him, that by terror thereof, he is enabled to form the wills of them all, to peace at home and mutual aid against their enemies abroad."

THIS language is foreign to us; and in fact it was foreign to a contemporary of Hobbes, writing against the same social background, but who found in the times no such justification of absolutism. This man was John Locke, who like Hobbes saw the need for governmental order, and also saw its

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source in a social contract, but whose vision of human nature and society was a gentler and more liberal one. This is how Locke describes the condition of man: "The natural liberty of man is to be free from any superior power on earth, and not to be under the will or legislative authority of man, but to have only the law of nature for his rule. The liberty of man in society is to be under no other legislative but that established by consent in the commonwealth, nor under the dominion of any will, or restraint of any law, but what that legislative shall enact according to the trust put in it."

Locke not only fails to defend absolute monarchy; he goes so far as to say it is a type of government "inconsistent with civil society. . . . For the end of civil society being to avoid and remedy those inconveniences of the state of nature which necessarily follow from every man's being judge in his own case, by setting up a known authority to which everyone of that may appeal upon any injury received, or controversy that may arise, and which everyone of that society ought to obey."

THE division that existed between Locke and Hobbes in the seventeeth century has had its parallels until this day. The issue is this: Is man such a selfish and ineducable creature that only perpetual domination can keep his destructive drives in check, or is man the sort of being who, at least under favorable conditions, can be trusted to run his own affairs? Hobbes, seeing the natural condition of man as a "war of all against all," saw the only solution in agreement to give up all power to the sovereign once and for all. For Locke, as for liberal thinkers after him, such an arrangement was inconceivable.

A comparison of the views of these two germinal thinkers, it seems to me, recommends Locke not simply because he shares our own democratic convictions, but because he is also a better and clearer thinker. If it is the people who decide to unite and pool their power to form a government, as Hobbes readily concedes, then the inevitable conclusion is that the power belongs essentially to the people, to dispose of or redispose at their will. That they transfer this power, or delegate this power, to a governing agent does not make it any the less theirs. For Hobbes makes the error, as others have after him, of confusing ends and means, of seeing the state not merely as a mechanism set up to serve the public welfare but as a thing in itself, worthy of unreasoning and unbounded allegiance. This elevation of useful concepts into divine and eternal entities is a common fallacy of human thought and one which has caused untold damage in human history. Locke made no such error. Here is his clear and classic statement of the relations of the people with their government:

"The majority having, as has been showed, upon men's first uniting into society, the whole power of the community naturally in them, may employ all that power in making laws for the community from time to time, and executing those laws by officers of their own appointing, and then the form of the government is a perfect democracy; or else may put the power of making laws into the hands of a few select men, and their heirs or successors, and then it is an oligarchy; or else into the hands of one man, and then it is a monarchy. . . . And if the legislative power be at first given by the majority to one or more persons only for their lives, or any limited time, and then the supreme power to revert to them again, when it is so reverted the community may dispose of it again anew into what hands they please, and so constitute a new form of government."

No group of men understood this concept of government better than the Founding Fathers of the United States. It was embedded in the Constitution and stated over and over again in the Federalist papers, written to rally the American people behind that Constitution. "The ultimate authority," wrote Madison, "resides in the people alone." And Hamilton: "The streams of national power ought to flow immediately from that pure, original fountain of all legitimate authority . . . Consent of the People."

Problems arose with this conception of popular sovereignty, the principal one being that of the "tyranny of the majority." The solution was generally found in establishing certain guarantees of inviolable individual rights, such as provided for in the United States Constitution's Bill of Rights. The outcome was a widespread acceptance in democratic countries of the idea that the *people* were the source of sovereignty, and the establishment of majority rule, tempered by safeguards of individual and minority rights.

IN our own decade, the concept of popular sovereignty has been firmly and precisely restated by the great constitutional lawyer, Owen J. Roberts. He wrote in 1950, "If we are right that sovereignty in our political scheme rests in the citizen alone, the United States as an entity cannot give up part of its sovereignty. This, because it has none to give; the people have it all. For the sake of internal order and national security, they exercise it through their own agents—the members of Congress. . . . a democratic government has no sovereignty to give up. Only its members can delegate their sovereign power to their chosen agent. Such delegation is not a surrender of anything. It is an exercise of the sovereignty, the power, that rests in the individual."

Sovereignty, then, rests with the people, and only confused or totalitarian thought places it mistakenly in the nation-state. State and individual sovereignty are quite different concepts; they are frequently in extreme tension with one another. A powerful dictatorial state has much freedom and autonomy; its people have none.

What, then, of the nation-state and of so-called national sovereignty? What is its status, its meaning, its usefulness?

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Where does it come from, and where is it going? I go back to my second question: "What is the geographic scope of sovereignty?"

I believe that the general answer to this question was given, very simply, and once and for all, by Aristotle. For him, the criterion of a state was self-sufficiency. "A city is a number of people not accidentally met together, but with a purpose of ensuring to themselves sufficient independency and self-protection; and if anything necessary for these purposes is wanting, it is impossible that in such a situation these ends can be obtained." Aristotle was, of course, thinking in terms of a small Greek city-state, but his statement of the problem applies equally well to the complex global relationships of modern societies.

The spatial answer to the problem has varied, of course, with the changing organization of Western society. During the Roman Empire, the scope was vastly enlarged, and later, during the medieval period, there continued to be a sense of a universal—then Christian—society, of which all were a part, which formed a background against which an intensely local social existence was led. With the modern era, the concept of a universal society was replaced by a new unit or organization, the nation-state. Modern history has been the story of the development of those states and their shifting and frequently warring relations with each other. This fact is reflected in modern writings on sovereignty, the vast majority of which assume the nation-state as the ultimate unit of society.

Yet today, faced with the increasing destructiveness of international conflict, the inadequacy of this unit to provide for its own safety and well-being has become glaringly apparent. Today, if Aristotle's criterion of self-sufficiency is applied, it is clear that no nation, not even the greatest, is sovereign. For example, the United States long prided itself on its independence and self-sufficiency; that illusion has been dispelled by the events of the last few decades. Economically, America's need for the rest of the world is expressed in this statistic, reported in 1952 by the President's Materials Policy Commission, headed by William S. Paley—and incidentally, one of the most penetrating reports of our time. "At the start of the century we *produced* some 15 per cent more raw materials than we consumed (excluding food); by mid-century we were *consuming* 10 per cent more materials than we produced. We had completed our slow transition from a raw materials *surplus* nation to a raw materials *deficit* nation."

Politically, this country's sovereignty ceased to exist in December, 1941, when it was demonstrated how little this nation, however powerful, had to say about its entrance into the most devastating war in history. With unlimited weapons have come limited national power, and today, as the world teeters on the brink of extinction, it is impossible to take comfort in the once resounding concept of national sovereignty. Yet the issue has, in general, not been faced. While there has been a general awareness that the world must move closer together, if it is not to blow itself forever apart, the root of the problem has not been dug up and critically examined. We have the UN, and there is much talk of the interdependence of nations, but there is little questioning of how much the nation, as a system of organizing modern society, has contributed to the disorders and disasters that have overcome us.

But, as Jacques Maritain has written, "An essentially *economic* interdependence, without any corresponding fundamental recasting of the *moral* and *political* structures of human existence, can but impose by material necessity a partial and fragmentary, growing bit by bit, political interdependence which is reluctantly and hatefully accepted, because it runs against the grain of nature as long as nations live on the assumption of their full political autonomy.

"As concerns the *external or foreign* activity of the State, that is, its relations with the other States, there is nothing to check the trend of modern States . . . toward supreme domination and supreme amorality, nothing except the opposite force of the other States. For there is no more powerful control, no organized international public opinion, to which these States can be submitted. [The United Nations Organization] cannot touch the root of the evil, and remains inevitably precarious and subsidiary, from the very fact that such institutions are organs created and put into action by the sovereign States, whose decisions they can only register."

Stuart Chase has put the case this way: "Any modern state is a society organized primarily for battle. The budget of practically every one of them shows a commanding percentage devoted to war." In support of this statement, he quotes *The New York Times*'s statement that the U. S. Fed-

(*Continued on page* 28)

"No, I have no opinion on the population problem in Asia . . ."

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1959: Books in Review

By Granville Hicks

FOR ME, looking back on the books I have reviewed in the course of a year is a substantial satisfaction. When I look ahead, scanning the announcements spring and fall, the publishers' lists seem to be full of by-products of television shows, how-to-do-it books, and other depressing items. Week by week, however, books do appear that, for one reason or another, I am glad to read. And at the end of the year, if I take stock, I find that I can make a sizable list of memorable books. So it is with 1959.

Three novels were published in 1959 that will, I believe, be talked about for years to come in treatises on American literature. To say this of William Faulkner's "The Mansion" is safe enough, for Faulkner's literary position is secure, and even his minor works receive and will continue to receive critical attention. "The Mansion" cannot really be described as a minor work, for it contains some passages—those dealing with Mink Snopes's crime, his long ordeal, and his vengeance on Flem—that are first-rate Faulkner. Other passages, however, it is sad to say, are a good deal less than second-rate.

As I anticipated, the complaint has been raised that Robert Penn Warren's "The Cave" is too slick. Certainly it is melodramatic, fast-moving, full of incident, calculated to seize and hold the reader's attention. But it is not a crime for a novel to be readable, and "The Cave" has a good deal more than mere readability to offer. It offers, indeed, the insights of one of the highly gifted writers of our time.

Saul Bellow's "Henderson the Rain King" seems even better as I look back on it than it did when I read it, and I thought well of it from the first. Bellow's inventiveness, which is his most striking quality, grows out of his sharp sense of human possibility. In "Henderson" his powers of invention carry him into comic extravagance, and there are many scenes about which I cannot think without smiling. Comedy, however, is not Bellow's only note, and the novel rises to a triumphant affirmation.

There are always disappointments and 1959 brought me two. After John Hersey's achievement in "A Single Pebble," I looked forward to "The War Lover," and I did find the novel well put together, carefully written, and handsomely documented. But the breath of life isn't in his central character, and the message at which he works so hard isn't convincing.

Herbert Gold's "The Optimist" was a greater disappointment because of greater expectations. I had been so impressed by Gold's previous work, his short stories as well as his three novels, that I was prepared to be carried away by the new book. Instead, I was bewildered. Gold's intention in "The Optimist" can be discerned after a fashion, but for me it has not been realized.

Fewer interesting first novels than usual came to my attention. John Updike's "The Poorhouse Fair," though it failed to move me, proves him to be, at an early age, a highly disciplined writer. What the Updike novel lacks, spontaneity, John Berry's "Krishna Fluting" has in abundance, and I found it agreeable reading. I also liked Eugene Mirabelli's youthful book, "The Burning Air."

JAMES JONES's tightly constructed short novel, "The Pistol," was a relief after the uncontrolled sprawl of "Some Came Running," and it suggested that there might be hope for Jones. I liked H. L. Humes's "Men Die" better than his first novel, "The Underground City," and I think he is someone to watch. So is Martin Kramer, who followed "The Hearth and the Strangeness" with "The Sons of the Fathers." I have been watching Mark Harris for some time, and I am sure that "Wake Up, Stupid," if not his best book, is his funniest—and as funny a book as I read in 1959.

The collection of short stories I liked best was Walter Clemon's "The Poison Tree," a volume that displays an admirable versatility. I also liked Thomas Mabry's stories in "The White Hound." Speaking of short stories, I want to mention, though I didn't review it, Herbert Gold's excellent anthology, "Fiction of the Fifties."

Of the English novels I have reviewed, I recall several with satisfaction. Joyce Cary's "The Captive and the Free," which unfortunately he did not live to put into finished form, is full of the vitality that erupted in everything he wrote. C. P. Snow's "The Search," a revision of a novel published in England before the war, is another of his wise and temperate examinations of the contemporary scene. Angus Wilson's "The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot," a different sort of novel from his "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes," offers a careful portrait of a woman who turns out to be considerably more interesting than anyone would have supposed. As I suspected would happen when I read it, many scenes in A. E. Ellis's "The Rack," a pseudonymous novel of life and death in a tuberculosis sanatorium, have a tenacious hold on my memory. Edith de Born's "Felding Castle" has unusual charm and subtlety.

FROM other parts of the Empire, too, came fiction that I liked. Hugh MacLennan's "The Watch That Ends the Night" had considerable success in the United States, and deserved it for its evocation of the mood of the Thirties. Also from Canada came Mordecai Richler's lively novel, "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz." Out of Australia there was Randolph Stow's fine poetic novel, "To the Islands," and from South Africa a collection of stories by Dan Jacobson, "The Zulu and the Zeide."

Not all my reviews were of fiction, though a large proportion of them were. I was less enthusiastic than many reviewers about James Thurber's "The Years with Ross," and it still seems to me that the book, entertaining as it is and illuminating as some parts of it are, leaves Ross somewhere offstage. Van Wyck Brooks's "Howells: His Life and World" gives what the title promises and nothing more. Brooks, needless to say, does well what he set out to do, but it would have pleased me if he had offered a critical evaluation of Howells's work. Charles Neider's version of "The Autobiography of Mark Twain" is a good piece of editing and an enjoyable book.

R. L. Bruckberger's "Image of America," though written by a Frenchman for Frenchmen, is both an encouraging and an invigorating book for Americans to read. Father Bruckberger, after a fresh and reassuring estimate of our strength, sets forth a sobering account of our responsibilities. Henry F. May's "The End of American Innocence" is a sound piece of cultural history, concentrating on the years from 1907 to 1912.

Finally, one of the most rewarding books of the year for me was Richard Sewall's "The Vision of Tragedy."

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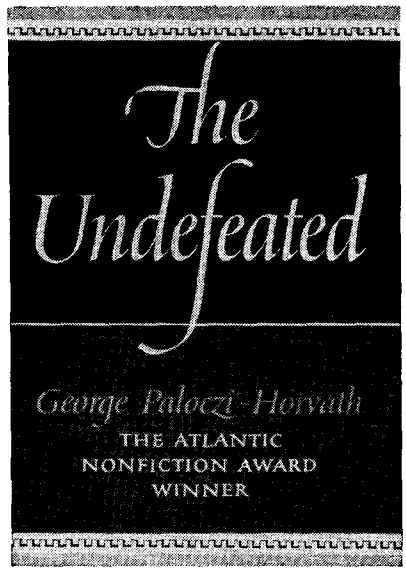
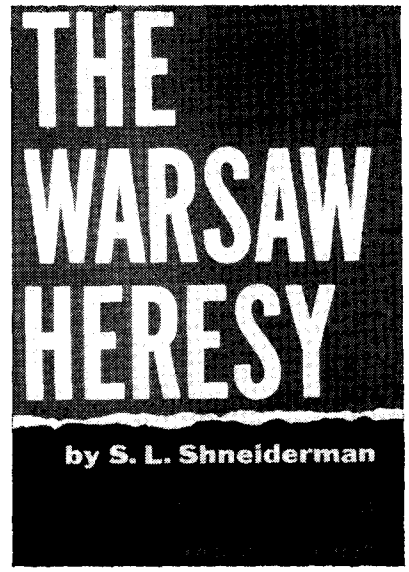
Books in the News

"the revolt of the masses."



"the revolt of the classes."



"a pact with the Church."

For Two Magyars, Darkness at Noon

By Emil Lengyel, *author of "1000 Years of Hungary."*

THE TERROR under Hungary's Communist boss, Matyas Rakosi, forms large parts of two recent books, whose authors come from two opposite poles of Hungarian life. **"You Are All Alone,"** by Jozsef Kovago (Praeger, $6), and **"The Undefeated,"** by George Paloczi-Horvath (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50). Mr. Kovago, the offspring of an average family, revolted against Hungarian conditions before the end of World War II—"the revolt of the masses." Paloczi-Horvath, a member of the "historic classes" that ruled over the masses, also revolted against the prevailing conditions—"the revolt of the classes."

The authors of these volumes spent years in Communist jails. There is no indication that their paths crossed in their prisons and this makes their testimony particularly convincing, since their experiences corroborate the veracity of each other's descriptions.

Jailers subjected these two men to a process of dehumanization, to turn them into "unpersons," the word employed by Paloczi-Horvath. The unperson is the product of years of humiliation inducing chronic mental anguish, physical suffering, and the never-ending pressure to cast out the last vestiges of integrity without which a person is not human.

The author of "The Undefeated" was born into a gentry family of large estate owners, whom Hungarians of another age called the "little kings." They were people who considered themselves supermen and their servants subhuman. It was against this feudalism that Paloczi-Horvath rebelled. Though his country was in the Axis camp, he worked for the Allies in the Second World War, first in Cairo, then in London, where he came to love Britain's way of life and worked as an author and journalist.

With the collapse of the feudal regime at the end of the war, a new era seemed to dawn upon Hungary, and Paloczi-Horvath returned. In his revolt against the ancestral anachronism he moved far to the left and eventually joined the Communist Party, becoming editor of a Communist-front newspaper in Budapest. Then on a spring day in 1949 he heard the ominous nocturnal bang on the door of his flat and promptly found himself in the dreaded cellar of the Red secret police. What happened to him in the ensuing years is known to the world from Arthur Koestler's classic, "Darkness at Noon," except that the horror experienced by George Paloczi-Horvath was even more sadistic and protracted.

At first he thought it was all a nightmarish mistake but he soon learned the real nature of the "grand design." He had been a Communist, it is true, but a Hungarian one—not the a-national, Russian satellite type—and that, after Tito's defection, was the ultimate depravity in the eyes of the Kremlin. From a cynical interrogator he also learned that guilt was unrelated to punishment. Terror was an instrument for executing the intentions of the state.

The Communist countries, the cynical interrogator told him, must develop the largest heavy industry so as to be victorious in the armament race. The workers, on the other hand, wanted higher wages, better living conditions; they were interested in the present, not in the nebulous future. They could not get what they wanted without jeopardizing the success of the Plan, and therefore they had to be subjected to constant pressure, coerced by terrorism into sacrificing present benefits for the "bright future."

THE author was in this inferno for fully five years. Then the Hungarian "national" Communists under Imre Nagy replaced the Stalinists and he was released. He had a hand, although a modest one, in the 1956 revolution in Budapest. "I hoped," he writes, "that the pressure of world public opinion, that a really united U.N.'s unanimous moral stand, the protest of the former great colonial countries like India and Indonesia—that all this would force the Soviet Union to accord to Hungary a neutral-independent status similar to that of Austria or Finland."

It was not to be. The truth dawned

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upon him finally that there was nothing he could do in Hungary. He escaped from there and went back to Britain. Mr. Paloczi-Horvath's book is a moving and eloquent document.

Associated with the Hungarian Smallholders' Party, Kovago has always been anti-Communist. Toward the end of World War II he joined the anti-Nazi resistance movement in Hungary and became the first democratically elected mayor of Budapest. But he could serve only two years out of a five-year term, for the Communists removed him in 1947. Three years later they put him into jail, where he spent six years, suffering indignities similar to those which Paloczi-Horvath endured. He was released from prison a few weeks before the outbreak of the Hungarian revolution of 1956. On November 1 of that year a coalition government asked him to resume his office as the mayor of Budapest, but four days later the Russian tanks moved into the capital.

In the first days of the revolutionary confusion a huge hole was punched into the Iron Curtain, through which tens of thousands escaped. Kovago, who worked with the resistance to the very end, kept on hoping that the Western powers and the United Nations would act. "I am convinced," he writes, "and so were most of us, that if the West had offered a meeting of heads of states or foreign ministers or other diplomatic steps, they could have settled the fate of Hungary together with the fate of Europe [satisfactorily.]"

By the time he made up his mind that his continued presence in Hungary served no good purpose it was almost too late. Yet, Kovago and his small family managed to leave the country before the gate was irrevocably slammed. As the last mayor of free Budapest he received much encouragement in Vienna: perhaps Hungary could still be saved by the U.N.

At long last his dream came true. He was brought to New York to present Hungary's case to the U.N. This was to be the historic moment, and he took infinite pains to make his presentation eloquent and convincing. On January 28, 1957, Kovago faced the Special Committee of the U.N. "We Hungarians feel," he began his introduction, which was a rather lengthy one, "that mankind looks to the United Nations for the answer to the burning question. . . ."

With a fervor that was to melt mountains he read his speech, then he looked up for a moment: "The chamber was almost empty. The delegates and spectators must have gone to witness the arrival of King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia. My poor, tortured little country. . . You are all alone."

The Red Star and the Cross

By Marvin L. Kalb, *author of "Eastern Exposure."*

IN AUGUST, 1955, Antoni Slonimski, Poland's proudest poet, wrote his "Manifesto":

"Down with those trashy icons
Whose only virtue was their power
To conceal the even trashier architecture
On which they were displayed.

"We want the right to gripe,
To joke,
To hold some high-placed dignitaries up to ridicule. . ."

Fifteen months later, Poland took the right, and a strange heresy was born—a Catholic nation dominated by a Communist Party that grudgingly sanctions varying proportions of private enterprise and intellectual freedom. The story of the **"Warsaw Heresy"** (Horizon, $4.95) is the story of Wladyslaw Gomulka's Poland, and S. L. Shneiderman tells it with just the right mixture of scholarly detachment and journalistic warmth.

Mr. Shneiderman is an American newspaperman who was born in Poland and educated at Warsaw University. He has visited Poland several times since October, 1956, when Gomulka, the discredited Poland-firster, was swept back into power on the breaking waves of proletarian anger and intellectual frustration. He has seen every turbulent corner of that unhappy country, whose terrible and unique curse is to live between a sneering Russia and a hostile Germany, and he has chatted extensively with Poland's "old" and "new" leaders. His report, both skilful and objective, is first-rate.

Mr. Shneiderman says Gomulka is a "realist and a Communist" who has never wanted to shake Marxism's grip over Eastern Europe. He is no Tito—only a devoted Pole who happens to feel his country can find its own way to Communism without too much Russian guidance. He is said to be as distrustful of the Stalinist wing of his party as he is fearful of the free-thinking revisionists.

He made a pact with the Catholic Church in December, 1956, because he was convinced his party needed it; and, for Gomulka, "the Party is the most important instrument for solving all the complications of our lives." His atheistic lieutenants denounce the Church as a "fortress of reaction," but it is the cross, not the red star, that continues to dominate the Polish landscape.

Gomulka detests private enterprise, but he buys his shirts and shoes in the small, modern shops along Warsaw's gutted Marshalkowska, where capitalism is as acceptable as on Madison Avenue. They are the only places in town for style and quality.

Gomulka would dearly love to collectivize agriculture—not only because Khrushchev would be pleased but because he thinks it is efficient and right. (For example, he gets furious when reminded that "horses used by the farmers consume more grain than the entire urban population of the country.") Yet less than 20 per cent of Poland's peasants have been convinced—if indeed even these have—that a collective farm is really an agrarian Nirvana. Besides, the individualistic instincts of the farmers embarrass Gomulka—especially when the strait-laced Chinese arrive from their commune-izing country.

ON the basis of countless conversations Mr. Shneiderman believes that the maintenance of the Oder-Neisse line is the "strongest single unifying force in the nation's internal political life." The 40,000 square miles of Germany that Poland received in 1945 are still ugly from the scars of war, but they represent national dignity to a country that has long been stripped of this precious commodity. That is why, Mr. Shneiderman says, de Gaulle, of all Western leaders, has won the esteem of the Poles; the French President recognizes the Oder-Neisse line, too.

Gomulka is described as deeply distressed that his one major venture into the nervous field of international diplomacy—his Rapacki Plan for the neutralization of Central Europe—should have met with so much Western skepticism.

He leads a country, in short, that is walking a tightrope between the joy of relative national independence and the fear of renewed Russian subjugation, a country where Communism, capitalism, and Catholicism have been blended into an unprecedented potpourri of danger and frustration.

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FICTION

Another Tree in Brooklyn Blooms

"The Time of the Peaches," by Arthur Granit *(Abelard-Schuman. 254 pp. $3.95), explores the Jewish enclave of Brownsville in the Thirties in a vivid and poetic first novel. Harold U. Ribalow edited "A Treasury of American-Jewish stories."*

By Harold U. Ribalow

IN THE 1930s, when Hitler had already come to power, Brownsville (Brooklyn, not Texas) was, Arthur Granit tells us, "a self-contained world in its own right" where "for miles and miles, as far as the eye could see, five hundred thousand Jews were packed away in block after block of monstrously constructed tenements." His novel, "The Time of the Peaches," is a dialogue-laden, atmosphere-filled story about Jewish life in the "lost and forsaken world." "I was a Jewish prisoner in a ghetto cage who did not realize he was imprisoned," Granit says.

The author, who is a high-school teacher and short-story writer, has chosen to compose his novel in comparatively plotless form, stringing together a series of sharply drawn and dramatic vignettes, all stressing the talk and activities of a handful of Jews on one small Brownsville block, where in one of the backyards a peach tree flourishes. And recalling the past, Granit observes, "I see this mad world with its gesticulating Jews, perpetually flaying their arms against unseen adversaries."

It is a novel full of eccentric personalities, bright and flaring, Chagall-like moments, and a bold experimental language sprayed with Yiddishisms, bawdy passages, and lively, funny scenes. But, one misses a sense of Jewish culture and religiosity, a feeling for the "better things" like education and reading; after all, the Jews in Brownsville twenty-five years ago were not unlike the East Side Jews depicted in Harry Golden's best-selling books.

What Arthur Granit prefers to give us is a group of people—more voices than convincing characters—who struggle to survive without any awareness of their Jewish heritage. Still, his people are worth knowing, even if he selects only the coarse and the bewildered, the vulgar men and women of the slum section in which he lived.

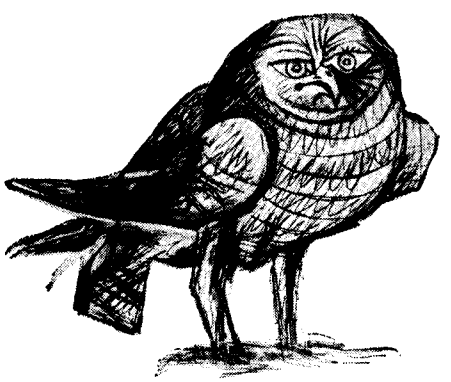
We meet Gussie the beautician, fat and bawdy and unmarried, aged twenty-eight to thirty-six, who flirts outrageously with a gambler who cares only for cards. And there is Miriam the Bloom, a lovely-faced woman with five children, who is unable to withstand the assaults of her handsome, drunken husband though she realizes that she exists in a quagmire. Meanwhile, Mrs. Podolsky, the landlady who wheezes over her fate and envies Miriam her children, is constantly on the scene—fighting, screaming, cursing—but living every moment.

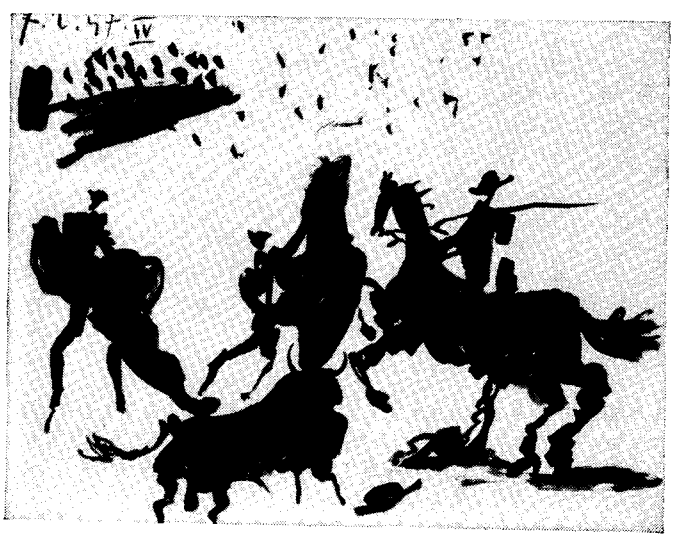
And then there are the young boys, many of whom will eventually grow up into gangsters: Willie September, Good-Time Charlie, Benny One-Eye, and Louie the Lip, as well as Bibi, who wears an expression of permanent surprise and who will die young. Usher, the friend of the narrator; Jackie, who will grow up into a college professor; Duhvid, who will become a nuclear physicist; these fill in the mosaic of the tale, in which conflict is ever present: the landlord tossing out tenants who can't pay the rent; the women fighting with one another over trifles; the Gypsy woman predicting the future for thirty-five cents.

Life is difficult, cruel, and often pitiless. Yet the Jews, in their enclave, are secure. They dread the idea of the Gentiles moving in, and they prefer their own gangsters to invaders from other boroughs.

"They say cultures are assimilated," Granit remarks. "But I know they are destroyed, both from the inside and the outside, just as my beautiful world of Brownsville was destroyed." To call this Brownsville "beautiful" is to close one's eyes to the harshness of its life and to strain the ears for bells that will ring in the heart. While there are patches of beauty in the writing of "The Time of the Peaches," it is just as well that the Brownsville of this vivid novel is "ashes, ashes." For even if he has managed to wring some pathos out of this wretched past Granit has also shown the dross, the emptiness, the cancer of its soul.

THROUGH THE YEARS certain subjects have appeared again and again in Picasso's works. In a 1957 wash drawing of a bullfight (right) Picasso depicts a scene which has interested him for over half a century. The somber owl (below) is a favorite motif of recent years. Both these works are reproduced from the handsome collection, **"Picasso Drawings"** (Abrams, $15), which illustrates the artist's endless creative capacity.





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Russia as She Was

"One Thousand Souls," by Alexei Pisemsky; *translated by Ivy Litvinov (Grove, 472 pp. $4.75; paper, $2.95), the first of the author's novels to appear in English, traces the increasingly corrupt career of an ambitious young man in Russia of the last century. In "The Terrorists," Robert Payne, translator of Boris Pasternak's poetry, wrote about pre-Bolshevik revolutionaries.*

By Robert Payne

A HUNDRED YEARS ago, when Alexei Pisemsky published his most famous novel, "One Thousand Souls," he was a force to be reckoned with. He had inherited the mantle of Gogol. He wrote beautifully and calmly and possessed superb tact, and he had a vast and devastating knowledge of all strata of Russian society. That perhaps was the trouble: he was too calm, too good, too understanding. It would never have occurred to him to attempt to charge his vision of the world with the flaming electricity which roars through the work of Dostoievsky, who was his exact contemporary. He would have said very quietly that displays of electricity are bad for the health.

Pisemsky was the phenomenon—the levelheaded Russian writer who wrote compassionately at a time of chaos. No one quite like him ever appeared again, and no one ever described the Russian scene with such fascinating detail. Dostoievsky's St. Petersburg is a shapeless ghost city dominated by the vast ghost shapes of his neurotic heroes. When we read Pisemsky, St. Petersburg, Moscow, the country estates, and the villages inhabited by serfs come into focus. We should read him if for no other reason than he fills in the background and gives us the sense of Russia as she really was.

He does, of course, do very much more than fill in the background. "One Thousand Souls" is a massive and penetrating study of corruption. The central character, Kalinovich, the young Hamlet-like school inspector who is devoured by ambition, is portrayed in three dimensions, and his love affair with the gentle, yet fiercely romantic Nastenka is one of the most charming and heartrending in all Russian literature. Inevitably he tosses her overboard to marry riches. Inevitably in his rise to power he destroys everything in his path. He becomes governor of the province, and his first task is to throw his benefactor, Count Ivan Ramensky, into prison. Corrupt to the core, he fights against corruption to such effect that all the officials and landowners form ranks against him; and as he falls from his pinnacle he meets once more the adorable Nastenka, who has become an actress in a traveling theatre.

Pisemsky's range is tremendous. It is not only that all Russia flows from his pen, but he possesses a quite extraordinary knowledge of the human soul. Kalinovich is another Raskolnikov, but far more credible. Count Ivan Ramensky, the most corrupt of aristocrats, is a figure of portentous power. Godnev, the quiet, retiring ex-school inspector, is portrayed with majestic humility. There are perhaps twenty other characters drawn with the same accuracy and keensightedness.

Surprisingly, none of Pisemsky's novels has hitherto appeared in English. Grove Press is to be thanked for producing at long last one of the great forgotten masterpieces of Russian literature, admirably translated by Ivy Litvinov. Everyone who is interested in Russian literature and modern Russia (for the seeds of modern Russia were planted in the middle years of the last century) should buy or steal this book.

China in Chaos

"Flower Shadows Behind the Curtain," by Ting Yao K'ang; *translated from the German version of Franz Kuhn by Vladimir Kean (Pantheon. 432 pp. $6), depicts days of political and social unrest against the rich historical background of twelfth-century China. Kenneth Rexroth, who edited "One Hundred Poems from the Chinese," wrote "Bird in the Bush," a recently published volume of essays.*

By Kenneth Rexroth

THROUGH THE YEARS a large number of people must have read the great Chinese novel known as "Hsi Men and His Six Wives" in one translation, as "Golden Lotus" in another, and as the *Chin P'ing Mei* in Chinese. "Flower Shadows Behind the Curtain" is a sequel, but an odd sort of sequel. It is not by the same author, it is not about the same people, but, with a few exceptions, about their reincarnations,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MENCKEN SWINGS THE MEAT-AXE

H. L. Mencken was nothing if not outspoken. Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico, offers by way of proof eight swipes at American political figures and asks you to identify these in the second column. Answers on page 48.

1. A tin-horn politician with the manner of a rural corn-doctor and the mien of a ham actor.	( ) Franklin D. Roosevelt
2. The emperor of mountebanks.	( ) Abraham Lincoln
3. Nero fiddled, but . . . only snored.	( ) Warren G. Harding
4. His career in the State Legislature was indistinguishable from that of a Tammany Nietzsche.	( ) Henry Cabot Lodge
5. The simian gabble of the cross-roads was not gabble to him, but wisdom of an occult and superior sort.	( ) Theodore Roosevelt
6. He heard words giving three cheers; he saw them race across a blackboard like Marxians pursued by the *Polizei;* he felt them rush up and kiss him.	( ) Calvin Coolidge
7. He ought to be made to bury his own dead horse.	( ) William Jennings Bryan
8. A superior fellow? Even so. But superior enough to disdain even the Presidency, so fought for by fugitives from the sewers? I doubt it.	( ) Woodrow Wilson

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and, in spite of the statement in Franz Kuhn's preface that one book cannot be understood without the other, it is a radically different kind of novel, the product of a radically different attitude towards life. In spite of this it is a fulfilment, a real working out of the destinies of the first novel.

Ting Yao K'ang was probably a minor official who lived in the last days of the Ming dynasty and the first years of the Manchu conquest, and who, sad at heart, retired early to meditate on the follies of men and the fate of empires. The bitter irony of the *Chin P'ing Mei* bothered him and so he wrote another novel to show how, in their next lives, they all got their just deserts. The very conception, of course, shows a more conventional, less ironic, less tragic sense of life.

I suppose, in comparison with the author of the *Chin P'ing Mei*, Ting Yao K'ang was a square. But, more important, his slightly vulgar intentions were redeemed by the facts of his own life in the days of the fall of the effete and tired Ming dynasty and the clumsy and still barbarous beginnings of Manchu rule. So Hsi Men and his six wives and their servants and concubines and retainers and supernumeraries are born again in the years of the fall of the Sung dynasty and the beginning of Mongol rule. China is in chaos, the very buildings are in ruin, most of the characters are fugitives, wanderers, blinded beggars, beauties kidnapped into brothels—a world of chaos, disorder, and early sorrow. It is this sense of terrible pathos and trivial grandeur among the ruins that saves the book and makes it, not just a mechanical sequel, but a novel with its own reality and with the somewhat sentimental validity of disillusioned ambition.

The *Chin P'ing Mei* is far from a sentimental work, in fact it is somewhat more brutal than the *Satyricon*; "Flower Shadows Behind the Curtain" is gentle, even wistful, in spite of the terror and distress that fill its plot. What is most important for us, as Western readers in the twentieth century, however, is that it has, abundantly, what all good Chinese novels have and what our "good" novels lack—sheer narrative. "Flower Shadows" is no exception; it's as much fun to read as the best detective or Western.

Once again, it raises the question: why can't we write like this? Why can't "good books" be like Ernest Haycox or any of a dozen detective writers? Is it really snobbish to prefer Simenon to any of the passing decade's highbrow novelists? What's wrong? On this score there is nothing wrong with "Flower Shadows Behind the Curtain"; it will keep you busy for several days.

WHITHER MANKIND?

The Primates: Progress and Portents

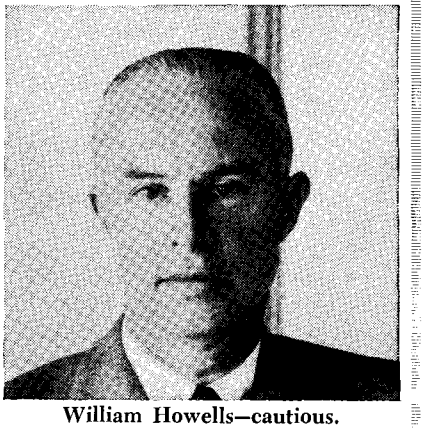
Pinioned between the Scylla of nuclear warfare and the Charybdis of overpopulation, homo sapiens' present and future are dismal indeed, according to ***"Human Heredity," by Ashley Montagu*** *(World. 400 pp. $5), and* ***"Nature and Man's Fate," by Garrett Hardin*** *(Rinehart. 375 pp. $6). Only in the fossilized past—described in* ***"Mankind in the Making," by William Howells*** *(Doubleday. 382 pp. $4.95)—can one find "a few handsome pages." The three studies are evaluated by John Greenway, who is an assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Colorado in Boulder.*

By John Greenway

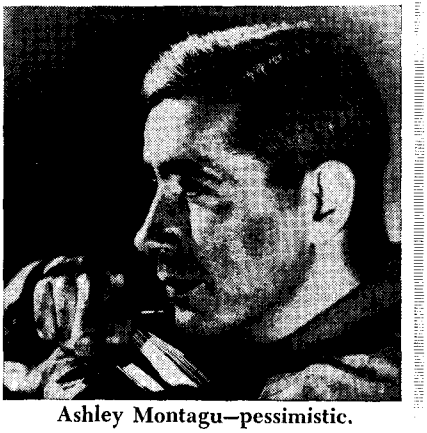
IT'S ALL up with the human race; we've had it. If this second century after Darwin escapes the bang (and the radiation from bombs already tested has doomed millions to genetic death) it will surely end with ten billion hungry people whimpering on the beach of an overcrowded world. This is the gloomy message of "Human Heredity" and "Nature and Man's Fate," and it would be gloomier still if either of the authors belonged to the strong Calvinistic school of anthropology, which insists that we have nothing to do with what we do, that we are carried along helplessly like flotsam on the stream of culture. Consequently, like Toynbee and his Christianity, they hold out the feeble hope that we can still prove ourselves masters of our fate and captains of our soul. You may not believe that evolution occurred in the past, says Garrett Hardin, "but you had jolly well better believe it will take place in the future if you hope to make political decisions that will give your descendants a reasonable chance to exist."

A little knowledge is a comfortable thing, and perhaps it is best that we go on believing that the worst we have to fear from our cleverness is a few mutations, for, after all, are not mutations the raw material of progressive evolution, onward and upward? We might as well not know that mutations work like a man blasting a shotgun into a finely-tuned racing car hoping to nick the carburetor into better adjustment.

Since it deals largely with the fossilized past, the third book is the only one recommended for bedtime reading. It is not William Howells's fault that his book seems in comparison almost



William Howells—cautious.



Ashley Montagu—pessimistic.

Garrett Hardin—nihilistic.

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frivolous, for it is the most reliable thread yet strung through the confusing labyrinth of man's ancestry. As an American, whose country has produced no ancient hominids, he is free of the ethnocentricity that mars the more ambitious foreign works on the subject of human evolution; as a student of Earnest Hooton, he has inherited the most considerable capital of wit of any contemporary anthropological writer (but it must be said that Hooton will be remembered longer for his wit than his wisdom); as the grandson of William Dean Howells, he has the genes of an urbane and skilful writer who knows his material and how to handle it, unlike "many a specialist who has shot himself in the foot when he thought he was only cleaning a paragraph." Indeed, Howells's only vice is an exaggeration of this latter virtue: he is too cautious to venture far from the consensus.

Twelve years ago in "Mankind So Far" (of which "Mankind in the Making" is an extension and revision) he admitted Piltdown Man because it had been "accepted by a clear majority"; now he admits all the other classic Pretenders in man's genealogy that have not been thrown into the bonepile by Carbon 14 and Fluorine tests. His caution and generosity also persuade him to accept the taxonomies of vain palaeoanthropologists who can construct a new genus at the drop of a fossil toenail, though he knows the difference between a St. Bernard and a Chihuahua is only racial. But we must be charitably patient, as Howells asks; we should "understand how very spotty the album of the past is. Spotty but at the same time not blank. Like a junior stamp collector who is neither rich nor assiduous, but who at least has an uncle living in Barbados, we can point to a few handsome pages."

THE last pages of the album on which Ashley Montagu is writing the present and Hardin the future are not handsome.

Though Ashley Montagu has picked the brains of his colleagues, they are excellent brains, and he is a man of cultivated taste. This is the best thing he has ever done—a most impressive synthesis of scholarship—partly because he does not ride either of his notorious hobby horses very far. He leaves in the stable his mad and mischievous notion about the superiority of women, and hardly gets a leg up on his *bête noire*, race prejudice. He has changed his mind about other things in the last thirty-five years, and he may yet understand that for human beings race is a social, not a biological, phenomenon. If some state legislatures define a Negro as a person with one thirty-second Negro "blood," then for their purposes that is what a Negro is. Genetics has nothing to do with it. It is unreasonable to ask a group whose supremacy is being threatened to test a man for his phenylthiocarbamide-tasting ability before lynching him.

The layman will find the early chapters on the mechanics of heredity interesting but tough, but they are an admission booth to a rare literary chamber of horrors. Not many readers, particularly if they are prospective parents, will go unterrified into the last, most frightening chapter, and beyond that there is the cold comfort of a do-it-yourself chart for determining your possessions among 371 inheritable sublethal disorders and a handy list of heredity clinics nearest your home.

But "Human Heredity" is saved from being intolerably terrifying by its author's ferocious liberalism. Garrett Hardin, on the other hand, will have none of this romanticism; for him the laws of biology are inexorable and ubiquitous, penetrating even the sphere of political economics. He states flatly that competitors cannot coexist and that the more closely they are related while still being distinguishable, the more complete will be the extermination of the loser. Though his book is ostensibly a history of evolutionary theory since Darwin, like Macaulay he uses it as a platform to shout extremely provocative criticisms of our dearest illusions, from the Declaration of Independence ("*all men are, by nature, unequal*") to what Robert Frost called "corn-meal mush" internationalism ("those who think One World is both possible and the best of all possible worlds" are not biologists). The liberal who can read it through without having his faith shaken is a True Believer indeed; the neo-Lamarckian idealist may say Hardin only exhumes the doctrines of Malthus and Herbert Spencer—but now there are biological laws under them. If Ashley Montagu is pessimistic, Hardin is nihilistic—a biological Hemingway—and this makes his the more frightening book.

"We call that species most successful," writes Hardin, "that has made its own kind its worst enemy." Sapient man in a mere geological instant has overrun the earth and destroyed all his predators, except those which he assiduously keeps alive; there is nothing left now to prey upon but himself. The stonemason who engraved the headstone of an infant in an English churchyard did not know he was writing the epitaph of the human race:

> It is so soon that I am done for
> I wonder what I was begun for.

Legacy of Fallout

"Radiation, Genes and Man," by Bruce Wallace and Th. Dobzhansky *(Holt. 205 pp. $4.75), flatly asserts that "more mutation will mean more human misery." James F. Crow, professor of medical genetics at the University of Wisconsin, served on the National Academy of Sciences Committee on the Biological Effects of Atomic Radiations.*

By James F. Crow

THE FACT that radiation can cause genetic mutations has been known since H. J. Muller's great discovery in 1926. Muller lost no time in calling attention to the potential human dangers thereby implied, but it took Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and Bikini to awaken a wide interest.

Now we have an abundance of discussion and of authoritative reports—those of the National Academy of Sciences, the British Medical Research Council, the Holifield Congressional Subcommittee, the World Health Organization, and the United Nations. Collectively these reports carry a vast store of information and they all agree that radiation constitutes a real risk to future generations, though one whose magnitude cannot now be measured with any precision.

Geneticists have been called pessimists for worrying about hereditary defects many generations hence. I suggest the opposite. They are optimistic enough to assume that man has a future long enough to worry about, an assumption which in view of man's unique capacity for self-destruction may seem entirely gratuitous.

Two well-known geneticists, Dr. Bruce Wallace of Cornell, and his former professor, Th. Dobzhansky of Columbia, have written a nontechnical book dealing exclusively with the genetic effects of radiation and the human problems raised by an increasing use of radiation and nuclear energy. "The purpose of the book," they say, "is to spell out, to the best of our ability, the genetic aspects of the problem of atomic—and other—radiations."

For the most part, they have succeeded very well, though there are several places where the professional geneticist may find himself in disagreement. They describe the basic physical facts of radiation, the nature and workings of genes and chromosomes, the rules of spontaneous and radiation-induced mutation, and the impact of mutant genes on

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present and future populations. They point out that there is no completely "safe" dose of radiation, that any amount that reaches the reproductive cells entails a certain risk, that the effect of mutation is almost always harmful, that mutations causing small effects may in the long run be as important or more important than those with more drastic effects, that the dose from natural background and from medical radiation in technologically advanced countries is much greater than that currently arising from fallout, but that the latter because of its worldwide distribution may have a large absolute effect. These conclusions are in agreement with those of the reports referred to before. In the authors' own words: "Much human misery is the result of mutations that have arisen in the past; more mutation will mean more human misery."

Regarding fallout they write: "Just how many mutations are induced by the added increments of radiation exposure is uncertain; in all likelihood, these represent only a fraction of the total number of 'spontaneous' or 'normal' mutations. Nevertheless, since the additional radiation is worldwide, the absolute *number* of additional mutations may be large. At any rate, these mutations will add to human suffering. Moreover, the genetic damage does not end—in fact, it scarcely begins—with the exposed generation. We are inflicting damage on future generations, some of which will live when our present controversies are mere historic curiosities."

Since Wallace and Dobzhansky and their researches have been identified in some governmental and scientific circles with doubt about the seriousness of the genetic risk, this book with such statements as quoted above has special significance in showing the essential unanimity of geneticists on this question. Furthermore, the authors align themselves with those who would stop tests of nuclear weapons, though they state carefully that the genetic danger is not the sole reason for this view.

With regard to society's responsibility, they have this to say: "Of all misfortunes that may befall a person, none occurs through less fault of his own than does genetic incapacitation. . . . If society sanctions the use of atomic energy, it must assume the responsibility for the genetic defects resulting therefrom."

The early chapters are clear, informative, and easily understood. There is a glossary to help with vocabulary problems. The later chapters, despite some effective diagrams, are hard for the nonspecialist to read. Some difficulty is inherent in the material, but in several places simple ideas are confused by unnecessarily circuitous arithmetic and algebra. This comes as a surprise, for Dobzhansky's earlier books are widely regarded as models of clear scientific writing.

The views of the authors on some aspects of population genetics are controversial, and in my opinion are probably wrong. However, these are relegated to the next-to-last chapter and labeled as speculative. The general reader will probably skip these pages, while geneticists can discuss them in their own journals, along with some technical errors and inconsistencies, which mar the book from the geneticist's standpoint, but which do not alter the overall conclusions.

WHAT A SENSITIVE FRIEND DID: Faced in early 1958 with continued U.S. nuclear testing, endangering and destroying human lives, and with a threatening arms race, what could a sensitive Quaker do? **"The Voyage of the Golden Rule,"** by Albert Bigelow (Doubleday, $3.95), gives the response of a former U. S. Navy lieutenant commander and of his three like-minded crewmen. They proposed to sail into the Eniwetok testing grounds while United States tests were going on, accepting injury or death from blast or fallout. In this dramatic way they hoped to hasten the end of nuclear weapons testing, as a step toward real disarmament. At the same time, protests were being made to the Soviet and British governments.

The United States Government had no law to prevent *Golden Rule* from accomplishing its purpose. So an Atomic Energy Commission order was issued on April 11, 1958, after *Golden Rule* had sailed from the port of Los Angeles, and directed against its crew, making it a crime to sail into the testing area, 390,000 square miles of the high seas. Under this questionable "law" (canceled by the AEC in September, 1958), Coast Guard cutters prevented the *Golden Rule* from sailing from Hawaii to Eniwetok, and its crew served sixty-day sentences in a Honolulu jail for attempting to do so.

Golden Rule got no farther than Honolulu. However, another small sailing ship, *Phoenix*, whose crew knew nothing about *Golden Rule*, but happened to arrive at Honolulu and attended the trial of *Golden Rule*'s crew, did sail into the testing area. It was forced by Navy ships to leave, and its captain, Earle Reynolds, an American anthropologist from Hiroshima, was arrested.

Almost certainly, *Golden Rule* helped to stop nuclear testing temporarily and, mankind hopes, permanently.

Albert Bigelow, a veteran bluewater sailor, writes vividly of the hazardous voyage itself, with its nautical joys and problems. He explains the spirit behind the voyage, outgoing goodwill, and civil disobedience if necessary, in the tradition of Thoreau and Gandhi. He brings alive the characters and situations in this drama—crewmen, judge, jailors, prisoners, the trial, Quaker worship. His report of jail conditions should awaken sociologist and citizen alike.

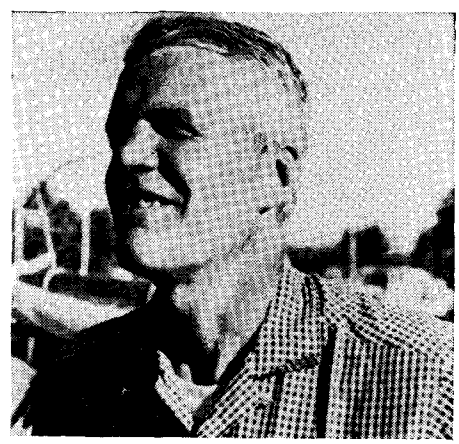
But most important, Albert Bigelow's unique book, like the voyage of *Golden Rule*, focuses attention on the vital issues of our time, getting rid of nuclear war and war itself. An inspiring record, by a fine and sensitive spirit, it reminds us that the issues still require intelligent and dedicated people to press toward final solutions.

Three minor limitations may be noted. First, the impression seems to be given that work to change United States policy through the normal political process, elections, legislation in Washington, etc., has become futile. I am sure that Albert Bigelow would agree that this is not wholly true, and that action like that taken by the *Golden Rule* supplements, but is not a substitute for, this other type of action.

Second, while *Golden Rule* dramatized the *need* to get rid of war, and the spirit necessary to do it, it made no claim to offering a complete solution. This surely must include a new world security system, with governmental powers to administer and peacefully enforce universal total disarmament down to internal policing levels.

Third, Albert Bigelow rather places "Quakerism" on a pedestal. As a Quaker, I agree that the Quaker ideal is indeed high, but also know that Quakers all too often fall far short.

"The Voyage of the Golden Rule" is an excellent book, and is highly recommended. —SAMUEL R. LEVERING.



Albert Bigelow — "in the tradition of Thoreau and Gandhi."

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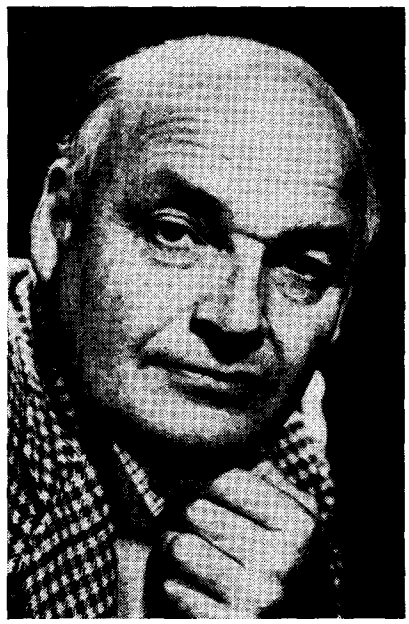
WORLD WAR II

Second Fusillade from His Lordship



Lord Alanbrooke and Arthur Bryant—"a safety valve for irritation and anxiety. . . ."

"Triumph in the West: A History of the War Years Based on the Diaries of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff," *by Arthur Bryant (Doubleday. 438 pp. $6.95), picking up where "The Turn of the Tide" left off, describes the last global conflict from September, 1943, to VE Day. Brigadier General S.L.A. Marshall was chief historian of the European Theatre during the war.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

IN SIR ARTHUR BRYANT's prelude to his own book there is one passage remarkable for its candor. He speaks of the personal diary of Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, but for the reading of which Sir Arthur might not have felt tempted to write a critique of main Allied strategy in World War II. He terms the diary a "distorted mirror," and then adds this: "It reflects the unguarded moments of a deeply sensitive and self-repressed man, carrying an almost intolerable burden and releasing feelings he could not reveal to anyone except the person for whom the diary was written [Alanbrooke]. It was a safety valve for irritation and anxiety in a life of constant irritation and strain."

"Constant" isn't quite accurate. While moving mountains, Alanbrooke had some wonderful times bird-watching. Just before Normandy he confided to his diary: "Those two hours in a hide close to a marsh tit at its nest made Winston and the war disappear in a cloud of smoke. I was transplanted to fairyland and returned infinitely re-created."

Again, here is exaggeration. The magic of the marsh tit didn't last the day. The war, Winston, and Alanbrooke's broodings about the inferiority of his colleagues flooded back. To quote from the diary's next entry: "Eisenhower is no real director of thought, plans, energy or direction."

Such harsh judgments as these by Alanbrooke on other men have already attracted wide attention to Sir Arthur's book. Yet their bilious quality is less noteworthy than the extraordinary use made of them by Sir Arthur as he writes history. His opening comment on the diaries would seem to warn that Alanbrooke, like that best of birds for watching, the peacock, is nobler than he sounds. That entitles the reader to believe that he will be let in on a peep show where parade undressed the darker thoughts of a rancorous Ulsterman, which unkind exposure bears little or none on the course of human events.

Alas, it doesn't work out that way. Having cried warning, Sir Arthur does not himself heed it. He takes at face value Alanbrooke's high estimate of self and dim view of practically every other strategist and co-worker. The ill-tempered words of the diary become the scripture whereby Sir Arthur interprets the history of World War II, toward that end twisting the facts, shading the evidence, and omitting essential material where necessary. There is undeviating devotion to the theme that where the strategy of the Western alliance was soundly conceived and nobly run, Alanbrooke so made it, and where it wobbled or failed, that was because Alanbrooke's wisdom could not prevail. Is this history or mere special pleading? Whichever, it does not make the portrait of Alanbrooke less lifelike.

One of the keys to his character, underscored in the diary, is that almost invariably in his first meeting with such a man as the late George C. Marshall, he wrote demeaningly of his talents or human qualities. On the other hand, his Lordship ever spoke generously of his batman, his aides, and other personal retainers as became his station.

There was never any chance of the strategies of the United Kingdom and the United States becoming perfectly reconciled in a global war because the two lands are an ocean apart. Geography itself, all other factors aside, predetermined that main decisions would be reached through compromise.

But it is curiously the case that strategist Alanbrooke's mind seemingly worked as if the principle did not exist, the interests of all parties were identical, and American opposition to his ideas was proof of military naïveté, stubbornness, or chicanery. Sir Arthur, to put it mildly, doesn't let him down.

Our war leaders are belittled for not wholeheartedly acquiescing in Alanbrooke's "Mediterranean strategy," though exactly what it was and where it would have led are left undefined. They are spanked still harder for prolonging the war by advancing armies abreast in Western Europe instead of loosing Field-Marshal Montgomery's forces over a narrow front for a knife-thrust into the German heart. There is no accompanying analysis in proof that the concept was logistically possible and tactically feasible.

Sir Arthur's statements of situation are so frequently and glaringly wrong as to bewilder anyone who followed operations at close range. It reflects his closeness to, and confidence in, Alan-

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brooke, whose chair was peculiarly remote from the day-by-day problems of a theatre and front-line conditions.

One illustration should suffice. Sir Arthur views the airborne invasion of Holland and the accompanying thrust by British XXX Corps toward Arnhem (Operation Market-Garden) as the opening wedge toward the narrow-fronted decisive stroke, had it been successful. By rare luck it might have worked out that way, but since no plan or general scheme was ever formed for exploiting beyond Arnhem, that is mere speculation.

From Sir Arthur there is a lament that this try for a knockout was staged too late, after the reeling enemy had begun to steady. There had been earlier plans to throw in the airborne reserve, he says, but they were voided by the Supreme Commander's doubts.

This is categorically false. There had been earlier plans, eight or nine of them, drawn up by 21st Army Group to exploit with the airborne. They came to naught because the advance overland continued to overrun the objectives before the airborne divisions could strike.

Market-Garden failed, Sir Arthur says, because General Eisenhower denied it the required support. (That it fell apart because British XXX Corps was stopped in its tracks for twenty-four hours and the plan provided no margin for error goes unmentioned.) The trouble, according to Sir Arthur, was the artillery ammunition pinch caused by the diversion of U.S. supply to the Pacific.

Well, poppycock! There was never a munitions shortage in ETO. At the end there were 8,000,000 tons of ordnance surplus, most of it in shells. Occasionally there were local pinches because the item most needed was lost among mountains of supply. But as the historian present at Market-Garden, I would have to add that I saw more artillery ammunition blown off wastefully in Holland because it was on hand and had to be used than on any other front in World War II.

Alanbrooke was in Quebec when Monty made his cast in Holland, a strategically noble try on the part of the latter, made vain by Ike's dithering, according to Sir Arthur. "All of this was tragic," he writes of his hero's reaction. But there is also quoted this from the diary: "I feel that Monty's strategy for once is at fault. Instead of carrying out the advance on Arnhem he ought to have made certain of Antwerp in the first place."

This is Monday morning quarterbacking to the hilt. At war's end, Alanbrooke rises from its ashes, among strategists, the one omniscient and immaculate figure.

The Fleet of '44

"The Liberation of the Philippines: Luzon, Mindanao, the Visayas, 1944-1945," by Samuel Eliot Morison *(Atlantic - Little, Brown. 338 pp. $6.50), adds a thirteenth volume to the former rear admiral's shelf on sea combat. It is reviewed by Edmund G. Love, Army historian in the Pacific during World War II. Mr. Love is the author of the novel "War Is a Private Affair," as well as numerous short stories.*

By Edmund G. Love

DR. SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON'S latest volume in the history of United States Naval Operations in World War II is an excellent book. It is extremely readable and, as usual, it is stuffed with facts. I was especially impressed with the chapter that deals with the typhoon of November, 1944. The picture of a great fleet, probably the most powerful ever sent to sea, in the grips of a storm, is an epic part of this book. Here was a modern Armada that had swept the seas. It had every navigating device known to man. It even had a built-in weatherman. Yet, when it ran into a storm, and a relatively small one at that, it was scattered and almost helpless. Some of the greatest works of literature deal with man's struggle against the sea, and the fascination of this old, much-tried theme is here demonstrated once again.

Indeed, there is something about seamanship and warfare that never changes. I have always felt that there was a close parallel between the philosophy of the old Spartan city-state and the recent Japanese effort. Much of this volume is concerned with the Kamikaze tactics employed by the enemy during the Philippines campaign. As Dr. Morison points out, there were more suicide pilots in action at Okinawa, but they weren't as efficient, ever again, as they were off Lingayen Gulf.

They caused so much damage that word of them was withheld from the American public at the time. All kinds of tactics were devised to deal with them, but none of these tactics was more than 75 per cent efficient. There was always that one bogie who got through the screen. I might add that he always seemed to be crashing into *HMAS Australia*, a vessel which certainly earned immortality if one ever did. To get back to my statement about the sea and the Spartans of modern Japan, these storms and these determined men were hard to deal with twenty-five centuries ago, and they were still the factors that caused the most damage to the United States Navy in late 1944 and the early months of 1945.

I liked other parts of the book. I hope that some day some imaginative individual will expand and embellish the story of Old Slow Boat Tow, and that we will hear more of the Mindanao River Navy, a strange conglomeration of sailors and engineers which caught the Japanese by surprise in the middle of the Mindanao jungle. And no matter how many times it is told, that last great sea battle of World War II, fought between Chinese junks, manned on the one hand by Americans and on the other by the Japanese, will always be a source of wonderment.

AS in the volume preceding this one, Admiral Halsey comes in for some questioning, this time about the handling of the Third Fleet in the face of the typhoon. I have reached the point now where I wish people would leave Admiral Halsey alone. I'm not a sailor, but I think he was, and a good one. As for General MacArthur, who seems to have tried to steal a few battleships and cruisers from Admiral Nimitz at a crucial moment, I could have warned the Navy. I'm still trying to find out what happened to all the ten-in-one rations that were shipped into Leyte. They were intended for XXIV Corps for use on Okinawa, but when we got to the Ryukyus, we had to eat pancakes for thirty days because someone in Southwest Pacific headquarters had appropriated our hamburgers. All of the Army knew that it just wasn't safe to send anything of value into General MacArthur's territory. I'm surprised that the Navy didn't know that.

JUNE 6, 1944: Six weeks before the Allied forces landed on the beaches of Normandy, Field Marshal Rommel told his aide that for the Germans and their enemies alike the first twenty-four hours of the opening attack would be "the longest day." To recapture some of the drama and agony of June 6, 1944, Mr. Ryan has effectively drawn on official documents, contemporary accounts, and recent interviews with 1,000 American, British, French, and German survivors.

Numerous books in recent years have tried to tell the story of particular days in history through the vivid accounts of the participants. Many have suffered as historical documents

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because detailed recollections often owe more to improvement in much telling than to precise fact. Often the action is overwhelmed with a flood of reminiscence. Mr. Ryan has picked his quotations in "**The Longest Day**" (Simon & Schuster, $4.95) less for color than for their value in explaining what happened.

This does not mean that he has attempted to write a detailed historical account of June 6th. Other books have told more of the high-level decisions and the detailed preparations which preceded the cross-Channel attack and have probed more deeply into the reactions of a few individuals. But he has succeeded in his purpose of telling the story of "the men of the Allied forces, the enemy they fought and the civilians who were caught up in the bloody confusion of D Day."

No popular account of the landings has given as much of the German side of the picture. From captured war diaries, after action reports and interviews, Ryan is able to match the elation of the victorious invader with the despair of the defender. He gives some remarkable sketches of Rommel and other key officers at the moment of the attack. However, it is possible that the author has been too heavily influenced by Rommel's dash and color and is less than fair to Rundstedt as a result.

While the book is principally devoted to the fighting on the beaches, a fascinating part is given to the reaction of French civilians whose lives were quickly changed by the assault. For most the Allies came in time; for some the events of D Day merely hastened German retaliation against members of the Resistance.

The maps are colorful and extremely helpful. They not only show the main beaches and the chief towns mentioned in the story, but also locate for us the points at which some of the heroes gained their fame. Particularly interesting is the list of persons interviewed, with their D Day ranks and assignments and their present occupations and addresses.

Mr. Ryan skirts many of the controversies that have raged over D Day. He accepts the weapons and tactics used and leaves disputes to others. Unfortunately, his strict emphasis on the developments of a single day minimizes the great work of preparation by many Allied soldiers and civilians. But he succeeds in his main purpose of making the reader feel and see some of the confusion and fear and raw courage which went into the D Day struggle to seize the Normandy beaches. —Forrest C. Pogue.

THE ARTFUL HISTORIAN

Giants Linked by Bias and Craft

"History as Romantic Art," by David Levin *(Stanford University Press. 260 pp. $5.50), studies the literary techniques of four major nineteenth-century American historians. Margaret L. Coit has written biographies of John C. Calhoun and, most recently, Bernard M. Baruch.*

By Margaret L. Coit

DAVID LEVIN, in his admirably organized "History as Romantic Art," describes William Prescott, John Motley, Francis Parkman, and George Bancroft as "the giants of nineteenth-century American historical writing." They were the authors of some fifty-odd volumes, ranging from "The Winning of the West" to "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

Their bias and their craftsmanship as men-of-letters are the keys to their underlying unity. Each, as Mr. Levin puts it, suffered from "the imperfect attitudes . . . with which . . . Unitarian Boston and romantic literature had supplied him." All four shared a heritage of Puritanism, Transcendentalism, and Unitarianism. They believed in Divine Providence and the Darwinian law. They believed in progress, democracy, and Manifest Destiny. Most of all, perhaps, they believed in the vitality of the middle class, and in the folk hero or "representative man," who bears the sorrows of his people. George Washington, like Christ, had to go out into the wilderness to draw his strength from God.

All wrote from a point of view. Furthermore, their dogmas not only colored their concept of the past, but inspired them to write, to reveal the tragic lessons that history had to teach. Their works show both the advantages and the disadvantages of history written from bias. As "noble savages," the Indians were, of course, morally superior to the depraved Spaniards, and admirable, so long as they were battling Spaniards. But Manifest Destiny and the will of "Our Great Father above" meant that the wilderness must be peopled by scientific men. Parkman, to bring his history alive, had to depict the Indians as the devils of the forest paradise.

What these writers strove for was to bring history alive. Our brilliant American historians today: the Schlesingers (connected by marriage with Bancroft, by the way), Bruce Catton, Allan Nevins, Esther Forbes, the late Marquis James, Carl Sandburg, with his epic of Lincoln, have built from the foundations these giants laid down. Their scholarship, like Mr. Levin's own, was impeccable. They saw the men of the past pictorially, "with color in their cheeks, with passions in their stomachs." They used the devices of fiction, without resorting to fictionalization. They had a feeling for place and time, staging their dramas against the background of the past, and thus giving their readers an intimate sense of that past.

Motley etched brilliant character portraits; Bancroft had great dramatic ability. Parkman used the redolent language of the frontier diaries to color his narrative. Prescott's gift was for characterization and dramatic unity. All had an eye for the significant detail that illumined the scene: Prescott describing the "smoking human hearts" along the walls of the Aztecs; Motley's picture of the Inquisitor, "shoes of swiftness on his feet, the coat of darkness on his back."

History rendered like this had a far deeper impact than merely upon future historians. In the nineteenth century, statesmen were often men-of-letters themselves. Senator Paul Douglas, with his contributions to the literary journals, would not then have been regarded as the curiosity that he is today. Public figures were not "briefed"; they read. Thus, very subtly, the attitudes and fears of these romantic historians shaped the attitudes and fears of those who listened with near reverence to those who had.

Racial stereotypes became imprinted on the public mind: the "wild Indian," the sensuous Oriental, the Jew, with his innate thrift and financial genius, the indolent races of the South in contrast to the vigorous tribes of the North—all are here. With the historians' belief in the separation of church and state as a natural law, "the image of Catholicism as a religion appears . . . in extremely distorted form," Levin observes. An "unnatural man," like a priest or monk, was an abomination; furthermore, the Church used kings, politicians, and priests "as their agents

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in the battle against human freedom." This was "the New England case against Rome," and its echoes still linger.

There were superior races and "naturally inferior" ones like the Celts, an assertion not difficult to believe by Boston gentlemen, who saw the equivalent of the present-day "Spanish Harlem" in the slums of Roxbury and the South End. But in the Teutonic tribes was the germ, not only of the New England Town Meeting, but of the British constitution itself. The Protestant Reformation might have liberated the rest of the world; the Nordic mind had always been free. Thus great peoples were connected, not only by their perception of natural laws, but by a genealogical relationship. The "conscious unity of one race," Bancroft contended, would lead towards the eventual "unity of the human race." So, too, believed Hitler.

Mr. Levin sets forth his general themes, then illustrates by analyzing a representative work by each author. He has limited himself to an interpretation of the four historians' literary craftsmanship; he has not gone into their biographies or psychologies.

He has also, perhaps unnecessarily, limited the impact of his book for the general reader. To understand thoroughly either what he is about, or the historians he describes, the reader would have to have a fairly comprehensive understanding of Greek and Roman history, the Nordic sagas, the Protestant Reformation, the French Revolution, the "Gothic romance," etc., etc. In the nineteenth century, men-of-letters had this kind of cultural background. In the twentieth century, men-of-specialization do not.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 862

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 862 will be found in the next issue.

SJHH ERVV NWMCZN
SCAB JA VXWP JA
YNXYVN QNJZ RB
BQZXCPQ BQNRZ ONNB
RWABNJM XO BQNRZ
KZJRWA.
—SXQW Y. AXCAJ.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 861

Better a bald head than none at all.

—O'Malley.

Empathic Approach

"Adventures of a Biographer," by Catherine Drinker Bowen *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 235 pp. $4), displays the tools employed by a woman who has recreated the lives of many famous men. The author of "Literary Biography," Leon Edel has himself written books about James Joyce, Henry James, and Willa Cather.*

By Leon Edel

OF ALL writers, biographers hide themselves most successfully behind their subjects. A poet, no matter how "impersonal" his verse, still speaks to us in his particular voice, a novelist out of his personal experience. But biographers, by the very nature of their task, are hidden behind someone else's life; if we can discover them anywhere it is perhaps in their footnotes. Occasionally, however, they tire of their anonymity; they lecture, they try their hand at other literary forms, or they emerge from their concealment behind their heroes and heroines to tell *how* they wrote their biographies. This is what Catherine Drinker Bowen has done. Having recreated the lives of Tchaikowsky, Rubenstein, Justice Holmes, John Quincy Adams, Sir Edward Coke, she now appears as herself, the indefatigable biographer, and she talks with lucidity, intensity, and enthusiasm about her craft.

Mrs. Bowen shows that she possesses a large and healthy curiosity, a capacity for laying energetic siege to libraries and individuals, and an acute—and often restless—sense of the past. She is inclined to waste little time with measured analysis and historical method. An active woman, Mrs. Bowen sallies forth to recapture old scenes, persons, places, to re-imagine them by the process of projecting herself into them.

Loyal to her facts, she nevertheless views them as if she were writing fiction. Did Justice Holmes totter at eighty-seven? When did Jefferson give Adams that inscribed cobalt blue bowl? She is as resourceful as the best detective in her determination to make the past yield an answer—some answer—to questions important or trivial. That such a researcher should be a little impatient with scholarly patience is understandable.

To scholars, she remarks, "A good idea is a conceptual scheme . . . tomorrow's program is an agenda and the muse of history herself is a discipline." History, she adds (and what historian would dispute this?) was "not made by ghosts and should not be told as if ghosts made it."

Catherine Drinker Bowen — "Did Justice Holmes totter at age eighty-seven?"

But there are different ways of telling history and Mrs. Bowen may be a little too easily satisfied with her way. She thinks that scholars try "to get the heat out of history," whereas it is her goal to "get it in." This is a charmingly romantic statement, which tells us much about Mrs. Bowen's best qualities as well as her limitations. She often (by the testimony of this book) is so concerned with getting the "heat" back into history, that she runs the risk of overheating. And, then, can she always be sure she has the right temperature? She is inclined perhaps to forget that in the end she may be turning on her personal thermostat rather than history's.

THE danger inherent in Mrs. Bowen's vision of her subjects resides particularly in her strong identification with them. If this makes for vividness, it can lead to wishful thinking as well. No chapter in this book is more salutary for biographers, or readers of biography, than Mrs. Bowen's adventure with John Quincy Adams's blue bowl. When she went to an auction of Adams's effects, including the bowl, she discovered that her emotions ran away with her. "What right had I to feel this way? I was not Adams," she observes. To which we rejoin that she did have a right, since in her imagination she had *become* Adams; and this was probably why she got off on the wrong floor en route to the auction: she didn't want to see any of "her" things auctioned off and dispersed.

The truth was that Mrs. Bowen had crossed the danger boundary of biography. When the biographer becomes his subject to that extent, it is time for him to pause and to take stock. Mrs. Bowen did, in this case. And her readers will, with her.

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The Mission of Magazines

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The communications media, including magazines, should no more be immune to responsible criticism than other vital institutions, public and private, in our society. Few criticisms of American magazines in recent years have had greater impact on American periodical publishing than those voiced recently by Leo Burnett, head of a major Chicago advertising agency. Speaking in New York City, Mr. Burnett raised some fundamental questions about the purpose and performance of the magazine industry as a whole. The following guest editorial is drawn from Mr. Burnett's talk.*

NEVER in my forty years in the advertising business have I seen magazines generally so blind to their mission in life.

What is a magazine?

"Webster's New International Dictionary" describes it as follows:

> *A periodical containing miscellaneous papers, esp. critical and descriptive articles, stories, poems, etc., designed for the entertainment of the general reader. Magazines are now often specialized for classes of readers, as for children, or types of subjects, as geography, popular science, poetry, etc.*

I think the people who write dictionaries must be very dull. Now I'll give you my definition.

Among all forms of communication, magazines are the greatest single hope this country has for provoking thought, advancing culture, and improving taste at a time when the country needs to read and think as it never did before.

Yet, here is what I feel: Never in my experience have I seen such bitter and destructive selling as now exists, not only in the advertising business generally, but particularly in the magazine industry.

I refer particularly to the mad race to provide the most of everything *quantitative*—more regional editions, more local editions, more split-runs, more different and sometimes bizarre ad sizes, more circulation at any cost, and so many flips, flops, folds, inserts, and coupons that many a magazine today looks like a convention issue of the "Gadget and Gimmick News."

Now I don't say all of these things are bad. Many of them are well geared to the needs of modern marketing. What I do deplore, however, is that growing emphasis on these devices tends to overshadow the editorial integrity of a magazine and what I refer to as its mission in life.

Regrettable also in this numbers race is the fact that there is a trend in rates which is substantially outdistancing the trend in circulation—and this is a situation we cannot live with for long. It appears to me and to many of us in the agency business that you in the magazine publishing industry are succumbing to the erroneous theory that magazines are physical and neutral carriers of advertising messages. This is evident not only in relating yourself to broadcasting media but in the cat-and-dog fight that is raging within your own ranks.

We are living in a rather plush advertising era and nobody wants to rock the boat as long as he is getting his share of the fish. This obviously can lead to nothing but a status quo editorial concept or to a formula publishing concept which in turn leads to editorial complacency, stagnation, and sterility.

In many instances it looks to me from the outside as though the business office and the promotion boys have taken over and that the editor has been consigned to an office down the hall with no carpets, one window, and a pension fund.

I believe that in all too many cases the man with imagination, the dreamer, if you like, the courageous and sensitive soul who knows the power of words and pictures and how to use them, has been forced to capitulate to the brass, and I mean brass in every sense.

I don't believe there is anything wrong with magazines that a few inspired and dedicated editors and publishers, with real vision and with the authority to act, can't cure. Magazines, more than any other medium, can provide the advertiser with built-in confidence and believability. No other medium can provide it in the same way or to the same degree. We all know that there is a big premium on believability in advertising today, and the magazines which can deliver it most honestly have the most to offer to the honest advertiser.

In my view, the art of fiction writing has sunk to new lows and I don't think that all of the men and women capable of producing great fiction have been grabbed off to write TV scripts. The sale of paperbacked books on serious subjects offers increasing evidence that the mass public is interested in more than the specious and the salacious.

There are some exceptions, of course. There are still a few magazines which maintain a consistently high standard of writing excellence. If I may be permitted one example, I want to compliment *The Saturday Evening Post* on the foresight of its editors, which is bringing us "Adventures of the Mind."

Basically the point I want to make is that magazines today have the greatest mission of their entire history and they are muffing the ball. Americans generally are more moved than ever before by a torch held over the horizon than by being told they are falling apart. America can either go ahead in thought, in ideals, and in culture, or it can disintegrate in its own fat, and it is the mission of magazines to lead the way.

—LEO BURNETT.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IT CAN HAPPEN TO US

YOUR PUBLISHING of the report "The Bombing of St. Louis" [*SR*, Nov. 28] is to be heartily commended. Many persons may condemn this sort of article as "scare propaganda" but in no other way than by such dramatizations of the inevitable (if we continue in our madness) can we be made to realize the horror of the nuclear doom that can befall the human race at any moment of any day without warning. Worst of all, if and when it comes, it will more than likely result from a technical error or a mechanical fault rather than from a premeditated assault.

A well-known psychodynamic mechanism is "denial" of that which the conscious mind finds totally unacceptable and too horrible to face. As a people and a race we are doing just as the individual does when he tries to contemplate his own nonexistence. We feel it just can't happen to *us*. There is hope *only* if we can face up to reality and make the choices necessary to survival.

The choice? Walter Millis points it up in his review of Commander King-Hall's book "Defense in the Nuclear Age" [*SR*, Nov. 28]—nuclear annihilation or abolition of the possibility of war by immediate disarmament, unilateral if necessary, and a well-organized program of passive resistance in case of occupation by an aggressor.

Naive? Foolish? Insane? Not when one coldly and calmly considers the horns of the dilemma.

CHARLES E. HOLZER, JR., M.D.
Gallipolis, O.

MERE SCIENCE FICTION?

I WANT to thank you for your interesting and informative article, "The Bombing of St. Louis."

Because of this article and others, my family has a food supply in our basement and has made tentative plans.

I think that the American public needs more articles on this subject to make them realize that something like this *could* happen and very well *may* happen. Most families now are totally unprepared and scoff at articles on national disasters as mere science fiction.

SALLY CONWAY.
San Antonio, Tex.

AN INVITATION

THE GREATER ST. LOUIS Citizens' Committee for Nuclear Information wishes to thank the editors of *SR* for bringing our story, "The Bombing of St. Louis," before a wide audience. We are deluged with mail from your grateful readers and have requests for copies of the story which already total several thousand.

It would be of help to our small office if it could be mentioned that "The Bombing of St. Louis" is copyrighted and that there is a modest charge for reprints.

Perhaps some of your readers would also like to know that our Committee is a group of cooperating scientists and laymen, run almost entirely by volunteers, and is in great need of funds to carry on its expanding work. Anyone who is interested in joining in our work is invited to become a member of the Committee and to contribute to its support. (Contributions are tax deductible.)

The warm response to our article convinces us more than ever that people all over the country hunger for sound, objective information about the effects of nuclear energy. We are encouraged to intensify our efforts to find out the facts and distribute them as widely as possible.

ALEXANDER S. LANGSDORF, President,
Committee for Nuclear Information.
St. Louis, Mo.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But, Galileo—why should you study moon craters when right here at home most people don't have satisfactory bathrooms yet?

DELUGED BY DEWEY

SOME OF YOUR long-time readers resent the change that is being made in *their* magazine. We don't like this new practice of using half the magazine on one theme.

For instance: I would enjoy *an* article on John Dewey, but I don't enjoy giving up practically the whole magazine to him. If it is going on like that, it seems to me it would be wiser to cancel the subscription and pick up just the numbers in which we are interested.

ADDIE W. LADD.
Denver, Colo.

A VOTE OF APPROVAL

CONGRATULATIONS on your John Dewey centennial issue [*SR*, Nov. 21]. I am writing this to indicate my strong approval of both the section on Dewey and the editorial "The Real Fraud." I gained much from the articles and heard favorable commentary on the editorial by at least two individuals, including the minister at my church.

E. R. ZIETLOW.
Berkeley, Calif.

KUDOS FOR CRITICISM

YOUR ISSUE of November 7 on children's books is one of the best your magazine has ever published. I see the advent of a new and critical reviewer. Hats off to Joan Winsor Blos for her reviews (and also for her article "The Words in Picture Books").

Critical reviews have been lacking in this field too long. Why shouldn't a poorly written, sloppily constructed book for children be criticized the same as any such book for adults? The whole area of children's books is a dynamic one with tremendous possibilities for our future generations. Excellence in this area should be as mandatory as excellence in the most scholarly monograph. And parents and teachers and librarians, who ultimately do most of the buying of children's books, should be pleased to read an honestly critical review. Let's have more of them!

PEARL L. WARD,
Instructor of Children's Literature,
Los Angeles State College.
Los Angeles, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Minor Anouilhance

ALTHOUGH the Paris production of Jean Anouilh's "L'Hurluberlu" was a smash hit with boulevard audiences, both the performance and the script left much to be desired (see *SR*, June 20, 1959). The American version, titled "**The Fighting Cock**" and starring Rex Harrison, seems visually more handsome but in almost every other respect even more deficient than the original.

Its protagonist, called simply "The General," is a recognizable Anouilh character, a man naive enough to believe in absolutes in a filthy and compromising world. Although the General's fanaticism served to make him a hero in World War II, it has led him into the peacetime folly of plotting with a few impotent conservatives to reestablish a France willing to endure privation for the sake of honor, rather than abandon ideals for creature comforts. In the course of the play, the General discovers the complete ineffectuality of his conspiracy and is abandoned by his former allies.

He also comes to a similar disenchantment in his relationship with his wife. He wants her to be absolutely truthful and honorable, and at the same time to be faithful to him not simply because she has sworn to, but because she loves him. The maddening solution of this dilemma is for the wife to promise that when she decides to be unfaithful to him, she will tell him so, and then leave him for another man. And the General's final ignominy is to be made painfully aware of how impossible is his old-fashioned code of honor in today's resignedly hypocritical world. Unable to change either himself or the world, he bitterly accepts his fate with his formula for courage. It is to eat a bit of blotting paper quixotically dubbed "ministafia," and then to retreat by running *forward*.

To some of the French people, "The Fighting Cock" suggests an allegory in which the General represents De Gaulle, and the General's wife Aglae the unstable splendor of France. The politically minded might even see, in the General's disturbed illegitimate daughter, France's upset colonies. However, for Americans the play's principal benefits are M. Anouilh's entertaining strokes of irony and the occasional resemblance between France's moral degradation and ours.

Unfortunately Rex Harrison is just plain miscast as the General. For this actor, so brilliant and completely relaxed in roles where he can be devil-may-care, or outrageously wicked behind a sophisticated facade, is tense and uncomfortable as the pillar of virtue who cares so blindly for principle that he behaves with fanatic gaucheness. Mr. Harrison's brightest moments are therefore those where he can be least in character. When he relates himself to audience expectation and toys with it by putting his voice up an octave as he asks an important question with affected casualness, he is delightful. Or in his scenes with his ugly, prudish sister, the only one in the play who behaves more unrealistically than he does, his acceptance of allowable peccadilloes permits him to slip into momentary drollery. But most of the time, he must fight against his own personality and gives us only the nominal outlines of the role.

Roddy McDowall, as the sophisticated young libertine who is having an affair with the General's daughter, is somewhat better in that his talent for insouciance is helpful when the play calls for it. However, in those speeches where he must appear snobbishly impressed with the fashionable absurdities of Parisian intellectual society, he is far less convincing. For instance, he gets no laugh at all from his description of a smart Parisian salon, and never makes M. Anouilh's parody of avant-garde theatre nearly as funny as it deserves to be. Some of the latter failure must be blamed on adaptress Lucienne Hill, who has un-understandably eliminated and revised portions of the parody. Another very good actor, Gerald Hiken, has, for some reason, chosen to give a muted and pathetic performance as the robustly overzealous ex-sergeant who can only be controlled with an abrupt "At Ease" from the General. Arthur Treacher is wasted in a small role for which he is not particularly suited. And by far the best in the cast is Natasha Parry, who succeeds in giving a sad beauty to Aglae.

With a tremendous assist from Rolf Gerard's lush and translucent settings, director Peter Brook has seen to it that "The Fighting Cock" is gorgeous to look at, and captures a mood to suit M. Anouilh's repeated phrase, "Man is an animal, inconsolable yet gay." But he has not achieved the high hilarity of the best comic scenes which are this not very well realized play's greatest excuse for being performed.

AFTER turning out two very successful plays that focus on narrowly circumscribed situations, William Gibson has given his talent an off-Broadway holiday in a cosmic fantasy titled "Dinny and the Witches." Dinny is a sort of cool Peer Gynt who along the way enchants us with one simple romantic song that admits "Don't Know What I'm Here For." The quality of this song written by Mr. Gibson, who is both an ex-piano player and a contributor to poetry magazines, suggests that this new play might be much better as a musical comedy. Instead the playwright has taken much too long for his hero

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to find a much too simple answer to his question. The byplay consists of three comic witches, who, like the Button-Moulder, must execute Dinny's predestined death sentence. One of the three is a friendly "nitwitch" who is always in favor of "taking the next

breath" and thus prolongs the proceedings unconscionably by finding ways to give Dinny another chance.

The play contains a bit of social comment—as at one point some nasty people go marching off singing "Gory, Gory, Hallelujah!"—and a smattering of philosophy—with one of the witches telling Dinny, "You could love only something flawless, and what is flawless in the world is death." But where Mr. Gibson's other two plays were filled with fascinatingly real behavior that revealed the complexity of real situations, "Dinny and the Witches" is filled only with capricious author's inventions, puns, and poor jokes.

THE new musical "Saratoga" based on Edna Ferber's "Saratoga Trunk" turns out to be a lot of work and not much fun. Morton Da Costa, excellent at staging scenes, is inadequate in his first attempt to write a musical comedy book. Composers Harold Arlen and lyricist Johnny Mercer pick the show up on those rare occasions when they are allowed to squeeze in a relaxed number like "Getting a Man and Getting a Husband are Two Very Different Things." Carol Lawrence seems both very pretty and very accomplished throughout, but it is to no purpose as the show concentrates on the surface of the story rather than on the emotional undercurrents in a girl who is so furiously set on getting a rich husband that she ignores a dangerously increasing amount of attraction to another man. Howard Keel makes a virile other man, but never for a moment appears to have any very strong romantic anguish. Cecil Beaton's scenery and costumes are lavish and choreographer Ralph Beaumont has worked up a few fine dances. But "Saratoga Trunk" is asleep at the switch. —HENRY HEWES.

You Know Him

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

You know him: Certainly you know him,
Two-daughtered and benign,
Found sitting, crossed legged, at school functions;
A PTA mouse. Thin on top,
Busheled in the rear; forever hiding behind,
"We can't do too much for the children."

He smells of K1367 and cigars
And wouldn't dare approach where Alice sleeps,
Her arms white hams of jellied flesh
Sickening the moon: Can say,
When friends are dead, "how terrible,"
"Good morning," if the weather's right,
"Good dinner," if the mood is warm.

But think, oh, think, if he should say,
"What's the use . . . ten thousand dollars
For a spray of girlish kisses.
I have a poem on my memo pad that Freud should read;
Mother's Goose, who's
Mr. Goose,
Has grown obtuse.
(And) once, last week I watched a girl
With long brown legs go down the street
And, calling myself Humbert, said
How mad you've grown!
But when she turned she was my daughter, Janice."

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TV AND RADIO

A & P

BEGINNING with 1960, the Internal Revenue Service will find a new tax-deductible item on my annual return—a check for twelve dollars made out to the Pacifica Foundation, the West Coast organization which will operate, in New York City, the East Coast's first listener-subscription radio station, WBAI-FM (99.5 megacycles). Pacifica has operated KPFA-FM in San Francisco for ten years. Last summer it parlayed its pioneer operation to inaugurate a second listener-supported station in Los Angeles, KPFK-FM. Now—in confirmation of the saying that an idea whose time has come is irresistible—the foundation has taken a giant step eastward. Mr. Louis P. Schweitzer, who owned WBAI and operated it commercially with high program standards, has recently transferred his stock in the station to Pacifica, as a gift. Attorneys expect that the Federal Communications Commission will approve the stock transfer; so, shortly after the first of the year, residents of New York's tri-state, seventeen-county "greater metropolitan area" will no doubt be making their own dollar-a-month tax deductions to support this mature, completely unsponsored, and sophisticated idea in broadcasting.

There are an estimated two and a half million FM sets in WBAI's area. The key assumption of listener-subscription broadcasting is that 2 per cent of an audience will pay to support this kind of station-operation. Therefore, 50,000 homes theoretically should be prepared to pay twelve dollars each, or $600,000 annually, which would represent, relatively, a pie-in-the-sky budget, capable of working small listener-subscription radio miracles. Actually, in ten years KPFA in San Francisco has been able to amass 7,500 subscribers; and KPFK, the new station in Los Angeles, is doing much better; it expects the same number at the end of its first year. Since both West Coast stations require roughly $125,000 a year to support their present level of operations, the dollar-a-month subscribers are usually asked to make additional contributions to keep the books balanced. As an East Coast chauvinist, I am confident that WBAI (whether or not it retains these call letters) can muster up more local, dues-paying eggheads than San Francisco and Los Angeles combined.

Sufficient reasons for joining Pacifica's pass-the-hat radio club may be found in any one of KPFA's monthly Program Folios. In addition to a staple diet of the world's best recorded and festival-taped music, and without the intrusion of the sponsor's message, restrained, mild, or uninhibited, a subscriber could in December, 1959, hear Aldous Huxley giving a series of lectures at the University of California; a commentator analyzing the Soviet press and periodicals; John Gielgud in a BBC dramatization of Sophocles's tragedy "Oedipus at Colonus"; and the whole of Walter Lippmann's speech at the National Press Club luncheon given recently in honor of his seventieth birthday. The subscriber's children can listen to "Tom Sawyer" and "Mary Poppins" being read to them serially. He can hear a talk on "The Ideological Climate of France," by a professor of philosophy of the University of Geneva; an interview with two young people who attended the controversial Seventh World Youth Festival in Vienna last summer; and a talk on Oriental philosophy and its contemporary impact by Alan Watts, a noted Asian scholar. Some FM commercial stations, and stations operated by educational institutions and municipalities, do feature such programs. Rather rarely they are heard even on commercial AM radio stations and on the networks. The virtues of a listener-subscription station however, are that it has no commercials at all; it is free from the subtle pressures which tend to level out the schedules of educational and community stations; and it schedules programs listeners may want to hear in the *prime evening hours* when they are most often at home.

PACIFICA stations make no compulsive effort to hook a listener and hold him forever in an audio embrace. On the reasonable assumption that a listener has other interests in life than listening to the radio, it urges him to go away (even to watch TV) if he finds nothing on the air at a given moment which interests him. The rapport between listener and broadcaster is not based on the cloying "we" philosophy of mass broadcasting, but rather on the more personal "you and I" premise of individuals in common pursuit of the examined life. The universal weakness of other broadcasting patterns is that they are sensitive to their particular "establishment," as this word is defined by the English today, meaning the partly seen and partly hidden web which is threaded with the values and vested interests of a society's powerful in-groups. If Pacifica station-subscribers represent any common establishment, it is thoroughly in their independent common commitment to a standard expressed in a letter by a Los Angeles subscriber, who wrote recently: "Thank you for a completely unbeholden station, for communication that encourages *people to question, to think, to feel intensely.*"

When radio broadcasting on a large scale first became practical in this country, after World War I, the question immediately asked was: "Who will pay for it?" The answer quickly agreed upon was that the advertisers would pay for its major use, and educational systems and foundations would pay for its minor use. It has taken Pacifica a decade to plant and nurture the tender thought that people who have nothing to sell, no influences to peddle, and no mission of enlightenment to perform can pay jointly for broadcasting which is exclusively non-consensus. Therein lies the Pacifica idea's great social usefulness. TV-radio today in the U.S. can entertain, it can report, and it can reinforce commonly held opinions. But when it is handling non-consensus material, it must cautiously tot up the pro and the con in the same package, so as to be impartial. However, the Pacifica idea is not bound to an arbitrary, time-segment neutrality in programming. The stations which represent it are, in the words of Harold Winkler, president of the foundation, "free to express every shade of responsible opinion and free to explore familiar and new channels of artistic creativity."

Under this banner, and if enough subscribers can be found, Pacifica stations may someday even revive the frozen art of radio drama and live documentary, unfortunately still missing from their schedules because of production costs. The new station in New York may even acquire an AM outlet, capable of reaching four and a half million radio sets. There are rumors of a listener-subscription station coming to Washington, D.C., and of another to Fresno, California. Other cities are being surveyed for Pacifica possibilities. The fact that subscription stations may be received free by non-subscribers—"free-loaders" who numerically outnumber the "freight-payers"—has never troubled Pacifica's dreams. He who listens and doesn't pay may want to pay another day. I can spot only one small cloud on the expanding Pacifica horizon. Now that San Francisco and Los Angeles have picked up New York, won't it have to be renamed the Atlantic and Pacifica Foundation?

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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The Case of the Counterfeit Masterpieces

THE AMERICAN public is protected from numerous abuses. If cranberries are tainted, they are removed from the market. If a certain type of aircraft performs badly over a period of time, it is temporarily grounded and subjected to intensive study. If specific medicines cause unexpected allergies, they are promptly withdrawn for further testing. Even television, since its recent debacle, is now to be more carefully regulated. Steps are taken to obviate mistakes, forgeries, fakes, and deceptions in most professions, but in art little has been done to defend public trust and security.

There are valid reasons for this deficiency. In an area so inexact as the study of art, divergent opinions are frequent, inevitable, useful, and often justified. But these opinions are only of interest if the result of serious study by trained specialists. Intuition alone is not enough. Today, since art has become "big business" with inflationary prices defying even the most astute predictions, fakes and forgeries are increasing as they become more rewarding. For the average layman, unfortunately, romantic publicity too often substitutes for correct information. In a specialized field where knowledge is essential, how is he to differentiate between cleverly spotlighted fakes and genuine works of art?

Sometimes I wonder if we have won our battle too well, if in our zeal to make art a household word we have abnegated qualitative guidance in favor of financial quotations. These days almost any art story is given credence in the metropolitan press provided it is sufficiently startling and embellished with references to large sums of money. As a rule newspapers check facts, but in the case of alleged and spectacular art discoveries even the most conservative journals often devote page-one space to finds that shortly prove embarrassing.

For years art specialists have hesitated to make public statements about obviously incorrect attributions because of possible legal complications. Busy scholars and respected institutions have, I believe, often mistakenly refused to give such opinions, fearing the consequences of unsavory publicity and complicated litigation. For it is sometimes difficult even for the experienced eyes to distinguish between unintentional errors of opinion and outright deceptions. I recall with humility and chagrin three small Picasso drawings which I once seriously doubted. The owner sent photographs of them to Picasso, who assured him of their entire authenticity. But where an old master is involved, there is no living artist to rely on for final judgment. Here abuses are even more flagrant and knowledge more spotty. When a highly esteemed department store, as happened recently, brazenly advertises a lamentably dubious selection of purported masterpieces, one can only imagine that this lapse is due more to ignorance than venality. It is unlikely, however, that the same store would tolerate similar errors in the promotion of other merchandise such as fine furs or jewelry.

STORIES about art are legion. I need only to refer to my own experiences as a curator in one of America's larger museums. I recall in particular a painting which we were told had been done by Rembrandt when he was seventeen, which was brought to my office by a public relations counsel who wanted assurance as to its authenticity before publicizing the picture. It had only recently been discovered by that same Mr. Porcella who lately uncovered ten paintings from under a bed in California. It had also been cleaned by the same artist who in record time (three weeks) restored the ten California pictures. Absent were photographs and X-rays of the canvas before, during, and after restoration, complete documentation as to provenance, or any written authentications by recognized authorities on Rembrandt.

I remember a procession of distressed collectors who, having purchased paintings at a particular auction house, too late brought their incorrectly attributed works to the museum for authentication.

Because these errors were persistent and glaring, various members of our staff urged that the museum take practical steps to protect the community from further abuses.

Now, finally, just that has been done—in New York. On December 4 the front page of *The New York Times* carried a gratifying article describing the indictment of two art dealers "for attempted grand larceny, counterfeiting labels and for false and misleading advertising." Alfred Barr, director of collections, and Ralph Colin, trustee, both of the Museum of Modern Art, and Theodore Rousseau, curator of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum, spearheaded the movement to expose this situation. At last two eminent museums and two distinguished authorities have gone on public record. Though not the first time this has happened, it is a rare enough event to occasion cheers. Photographs of paintings signed by Picasso and absurdly unlike any of his varied styles were mailed to the artist. This time he labeled them *faux*. One can only hope that this is the beginning of many exposures, that other museums throughout the country will gather courage to protect their communities in like manner.

In order to handle the problem nationally and to relieve individual institutions from too heavy responsibilities, it might be wise for an organization of reputable museums and commercial art galleries to finance a group of legal and technical representatives authorized to track down and expose spurious art dealers and auction houses. In France there has long been a committee representing the art dealers of Paris with the specific assignment of passing on doubtful attributions. Public confidence can only be restored and maintained by intelligent public protection.

In the meantime let amateurs and press remember the following facts: that despite romantic success stories, gambling on art by the uninformed is a hazardous occupation; that discovery of great old masters does not require the assistance of high-pressured publicity; that opinions from several eminent specialists are necessary to establish authenticity, and that long and arduous scientific study should always take place before and during restoration.

—KATHARINE KUH.

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Sovereignty

Continued from page 9

eral budget for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1959, gives "a combined total of all spending related to war of $61.6 billion, or 83 per cent of the entire budget. Our peace budget, in other words, would be a mere $12.3 billion."

We will not solve the problems that beset us until we stop taking for granted the nation-state as the inevitable limit of social organization. Men have lived together in societies of various sizes and types over their long years of struggle on this earth; and if the type of society to which we as democrats and libertarians are devoted is to survive, we much enlarge our concept of geographical sovereignty and translate our real interdependence into effective political expression. The sentiment which clusters around national sovereignty has deep and passionate roots, but a ruthless examination of its true meaning and function in the modern world reveals it as a habit of mind, harmless and even enriching when understood as one loyalty among many, but harmful to the ultimate degree when embraced as an absolute.

For, to go back to Maritain, "The basic political reality is not the State, but the body politic with its multifarious institutions, the multiple communities which it involves, and the moral community which grows out of it. The body politic is the people organized under just laws. The State is the particular agency which specializes in matters dealing with the common good of the body politic; it is therefore the topmost political agency, but the State is a part, not a whole, and its functions are merely instrumental: it is for the body politic and for the people that it sees to the public order, enforces laws, possesses power; and being a part in the service of the people, it must be controlled by the people."

National sovereignty, in the sense of the ability of a nation to control its own destiny, is lost forever. But individual sovereignty can be lost, too, and one of the ways it can be lost is through misunderstanding the nature of that sovereignty and locating it permanently in what is only one of its passing expressions—the national state.

The idea that people have a right and an ability to rule themselves is a fairly recent one in human history, and perhaps an audacious one. It challenges much of human experience; to continue to believe in democratic possibilities is in part an act of faith. Perhaps the main insight that has come since the eighteenth century, when "inherent rights" were frequently and optimistically proclaimed, is that we have learned that the human rights we value so highly will exist just as long as we work to sustain them, that neither nature nor God nor society as now constituted offers any guarantee to perpetuate them.

These rights, this sovereignty, which was so lately and with such difficulty won, can be lost in three ways.

It can be taken from the people through conquest from without. This has been the fate of many nations, for example, the case of Hungary or Tibet.

It can also be taken from within, as when a small group seizes power in a country and establishes a dictatorship. This is, of course, what happened in Russia—although it is perhaps unfair to say that sovereignty was taken from the Russian people, since they had very little of it, if any, preceding the Communist assumption of power. It has happened elsewhere; it is a familiar story in modern history, whose headlong rate of change and unstable societies facilitate such coups.

SOVEREIGNTY can also be lost in a third way, more subtle, more gradual, and because of that, more insidious. It can simply slip out of a people's hands. When people come to believe that they have won their freedom and their sovereignty, once and for all, through a bold act of the past, they can slide into a passive acceptance of their present governmental arrangements which halts the perpetual growth that is needed to sustain liberty. As John Stuart Mill wisely wrote: "The rights and interests of every or any person are only secure from being disregarded when the person interested is himself able and habitually disposed to stand up for them."

This circumstance is all the more apt to happen if the people in question have created for themselves a good government, one which has served them well for a period of time. It then becomes easy to assume that their present form of government will suit them, in all its particulars, for all time to come, and to fail to see in what ways events have made it inadequate or obsolete. Wise men, of any generation, can understand *fully* only the problems of that generation: they cannot solve the problems of their progeny. There are countries, of which I believe the United States is one, which have been exceptionally fortunate in their founders, through whom they have been bequeathed a governmental system that is remarkably durable, flexible, and just. But this does not relieve such countries of the burden of change, which overtakes the best of systems. No generation has had a heavier burden of change than ours, for we must rethink the very foundations of our relations with each other, and with the other nearly two billion inhabitants of the world. The people of the United States, like those of the other free nations of the world, are fortunate. Their fate is still in their hands; they have the capacity and the power to change. All that is required is an understanding of the demands of the century and a readiness to give up what is useless or harmful of the past to create the means of survival in the present and further growth in the future. If we do this, I believe we will see the need for government of broader, more encompassing scope than we have yet known.

A mature approach to the problems of sovereignty will not bring at a stroke a peaceful and ordered world. But a continuing confusion in this area, and a clinging to concepts no longer suitable to modern conditions, a blind trust that national strength and national sovereignty can provide security in a shrunken and explosive world, can surely guarantee a world where peace will permanently elude us. The people themselves must have the sovereign right to contemplate and effect intelligent change—and intelligent change today is the *sine qua non* of existence.

A Willow Song

By Rosalind Levine

Outside, the green rain of a willow,
Field rats worrying last year's leaves,
And the handle of a baby buggy
Dripping its iron into the lake.

But here a different world of water:
Segments of the Pacific ripple;
A bird of paradise spurts upward
Behind a still wall of glass;

Light flows over the lory's feathers.
If words did not afflict me, I
Could paint these islands, I could
Translate your instructions into

Ultimate color. ("Convex, concave.
As my arm turns, so the brown tree-trunk.")
Drift under archways
Between Morocco and the Marquesas.

Only when you have gone, your footsteps
Gone from the hall, I hear my wrist's tide
Thudding against the white-grained
Paper. I think of Melville driven

Futher and further from his course,
Gauguin who died of weather
And other simplifications.
Behind the still wall of glass

I hear the green rain of the willow.

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Opening page of the "Danse Sacrale" in the original scoring.

S/R RECORDINGS

DECEMBER 26, 1959

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APROPOS "LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS"

By IGOR STRAVINSKY

Midwinter 1959-60 brings Igor Stravinsky to New York for three concerts, mostly of his own music. Included in his role of composer-conductor will be his first performance of "Le Sacre" in New York in nearly twenty years, and only the second ever in America. The revised version of the "Danse Sacrale" will be used, as noted in his article.

THE IDEA of "Le Sacre du Printemps" came to me while I was still composing "The Firebird." I had dreamed a scene of pagan ritual in which a chosen sacrificial virgin dances herself to death. This vision was not accompanied by concrete musical ideas, however, and as I was soon impregnated with another and purely musical conception that began quickly to develop into, as I thought, a *Konzertstück* for piano and orchestra, the latter piece was the one I started to compose. I had already told Diaghilev about "Le Sacre" before a visit of his to me in Lausanne at the end of September 1910, but he did not know about "Petroushka"—which is what I called the *Konzertstück*, thinking the style of the piano part suggested the Russian puppet. Though Diaghilev may have been disappointed not to hear music for "pagan rites," in his delight with "Petroushka," which he encouraged me to develop into a ballet before undertaking "Le Sacre du Printemps," he did not show it.

I FIRST became conscious of thematic ideas for "Le Sacre" in the summer of 1911. ("Petroushka" had been performed in June, 1911, in Oustiloug, our summer home in Volhynia.) The themes were those of "Les Augures Printanières," the first dance I was to compose. Reaching Switzerland in the fall, I rented a house in Clarens for my family and began to work. The entire "Sacre du Printemps" was written in a tiny room of this house, an eight-feet-by-eight closet, rather, whose only furniture was a small upright piano which I kept muted, a table, and two chairs. I began with the "Augures Printanières," as I said, and composed from there to the end of the first part;

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the Prelude was written afterward. The dances of the second part were composed in the order in which they now appear, and composed very quickly, too, until the "Danse Sacrale," which I could play but did not, at first, know how to write. The composition of "Le Sacre" was completed by the beginning of 1912 and the instrumentation—a mechanical job, largely, since I always compose the instrumentation when I compose the music—took me four more months in the late Spring.

I HAD pushed myself to finish "Le Sacre," as I wanted Diaghilev to produce it in the 1912 season. At the end of January I went to Berlin, where the Ballet then was, to discuss the performance with him. I found him in a state of upset about Nijinsky's health. He would talk about Nijinsky by the hour, but all he ever said about "Le Sacre" was that he could not mount it in 1912. He saw my disappointment and tried to console me by inviting me to accompany the Ballet to Budapest, London, and Venice, its next stops. I did journey with him to those cities—all three were new to me then, and all three I have loved ever since—but the real reason I accepted the postponement of "Le Sacre" so easily was that I was already beginning to think about "Les Noces." Incidentally, at this Berlin meeting Diaghilev encouraged me to use a huge orchestra for "Le Sacre," promising that the size of our orchestra would be greatly increased in the following season.

I am not sure my orchestra would have been as large otherwise.

That the first performance of "Le Sacre du Printemps" was attended by a scandal must be known to everybody. I was unprepared for the explosion myself. The reactions of the musicians who came to the orchestra rehearsals betrayed no intimation of it. (Debussy, who might well have been upset by "Le Sacre," was, in fact, much more upset by the success of it a year later.) Nor did the stage spectacle seem likely to precipitate a riot. The dancers had been rehearsing for months; they knew what they were doing at least, even though what they were doing often had nothing to do with the music. "I will count to forty while you play," Nijinsky would say to me, "and we will see where we come out." He could not understand that though we might at some point "come out" together, this did not mean we had been together on the way. The dancers followed Nijinsky's count, too, rather than the musical count; he spoke Russian of course, and as Russian numbers above ten are polysyllabic—eighteen, for example, is *vosemnadsat*—in the fast tempo movements neither he nor they could keep up.

At the performance mild protests against the music could be heard from the beginning. Then, when the curtain opened on a group of knock-kneed and long-braided Lolitas jumping up and down ("Danses des Adolescents"), the storm broke. Cries of *"ta geule"* came from behind me. I left the hall in a rage. (I was sitting on the right near the orchestra, and I remember slamming the door.) I have never again been that angry. The music was so familiar to me; I loved it, and I could not understand why people who had not yet heard it wanted to protest in advance. I arrived backstage in a fury. There I saw Diaghilev switching the house lights on and off in the hope that this might quiet the hall. For the rest of the performance I stood in the wings behind Nijinsky and holding the tails of his *frac*, while he stood on a chair shouting numbers to the dancers, like a coxswain.

I REMEMBER with more pleasure the first concert performance of "Le Sacre" the following year, a triumph such as few *composers* can have known the like of. Whether the acclaim of the young people who filled the Casino de Paris was more than a mere reversal of the verdict of bad manners a year before is not for me to say, but it seemed to me much more. (Incidentally, Saint-Saëns, a sharp little man—I had a good view of him—was present at *this* performance; I do not know who invented the story that he was present at, but soon walked out of, the première.) Monteux again conducted, and the musical realization was ideal. He had been doubtful about programming "Le Sacre," in view of the original scandal, but he had had a great success with a concert performance of "Petroushka," and was proud of his prestige with avant-garde musicians; I argued that "Le Sacre" was more symphonic, more of a concert piece, than "Petroushka." Let me say here that Monteux never cheapened "Le Sacre," or looked for his own glory in it, and he was always scrupulously faithful to the music. At the end of the "Danse Sacrale" the entire audience stood up and cheered. I came on stage and hugged Monteux, who was a river of perspiration—it was the saltiest hug of my life. A crowd swept backstage. I was hoisted to anonymous shoulders, carried out into the street this way, and up to the Place de la Trinité. A policeman pushed his way to my side, in an effort to protect me. It was this policeman Diaghilev later fixed upon in his accounts of the story: "Our little Igor now needs police escorts out of his concerts, like a prize fighter." (Diaghilev was verdantly envious of any success of mine outside of his Ballet.)

I have seen only one stage version of "Le Sacre" since 1913, and that was Diaghilev's 1921 revival. Music and dancing were better coordinated this time than in 1913—they could hardly have been otherwise—but the choreography (by Massine) was still too gymnastic and Dalcrozian to please me. I decided then that I prefer "Le Sacre" as a concert piece.

I conducted "Le Sacre" myself for the first time in 1928, in a recording by English Columbia. My concert debut with it came the following year, in Amsterdam, with the Concertgebouw, and thereafter I conducted it frequently throughout Europe. One of the most memorable (to me) performances of these years was in the Salle Pleyel, an official occasion, with official speeches to me pronounced by the President of the Republic, M. Poincaré, and by his First Minister, M. Herriot. I have conducted "Le Sacre" only once in the United States, however, and that was twenty years ago, in April, 1940. [It is programmed for the concert of January 3, 1960, in Carnegie Hall.]

IN 1937 or 1938 I received a request from the Disney office in America for permission to use "Le Sacre" in a cartoon film. The request was accompanied by a gentle warning that if permission were withheld the music would be used anyway ("Le Sacre," being "Russian," was not copyrighted in the United States), but as the owners of the film wished to show it abroad (i.e., in Berne Copyright countries) they offered me $5,000, a sum I was obliged to accept (though, in fact, the "percentages" of a dozen crapulous intermediaries reduced it to $1,200). I saw the film with George Balanchine in a Hollywood studio at Christmas time, 1939. I remember someone offering me a score, and, when I said I had my own, the someone saying "But it is all changed." It was indeed. The order of the pieces had been shuffled and the most difficult of them eliminated—though this didn't help the musical performance, which was execrable. I will say nothing about the visual complement (for I do not wish to criticize an unresisting imbecility), but the musical point of view of the film involved a dangerous misunderstanding.

I have twice revised portions of "Le Sacre," first in 1921 for the Diaghilev performances, and again in 1943 (the "Danse Sacrale" only) for a performance (unrealized) by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The differences be-

(*Continued on page* 37)

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Russia — 1908 — With his master, Rimsky-Korsakov

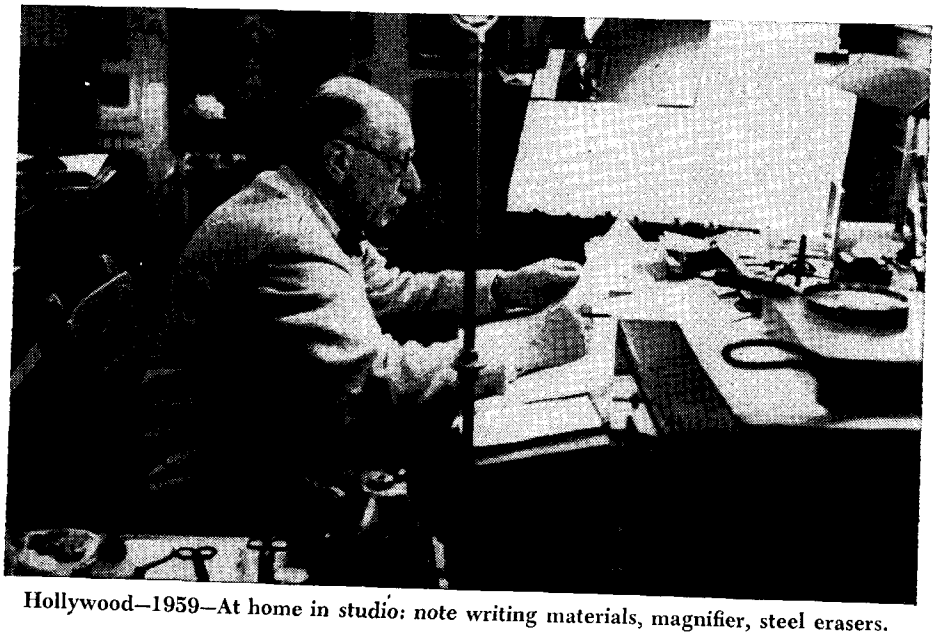
Lausanne—1915—Shortly after the premiere of "Le Sacre"

Seville—1921—With Diaghilev
—From "Conversations with Stravinsky." (Doubleday)

Around the World with Igor Stravinsky

New York—1925—At the time of his first American visit, with Wilhelm Furtwaengler, who was guest conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra

Paris—1952—Applauding Monteux at the triumphant concert of the Boston Symphony at the Theatre des Champs-Elysees, May 8, 1952 at which "Le Sacre" was included in the Congress for Cultural Freedom's "Masterpieces of the 20th Century."



Hollywood—1959—At home in studio: note writing materials, magnifier, steel erasers.

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An Octet of Shakespeare

By WALTER STARKIE

EVER since the day some years ago when there was a report that the Argo Record Company intended to record the complete works of Shakespeare, many lovers of poetry and drama have awaited expectantly the publication of what would be the noblest and most fitting monument to the most universal of all poets. Eight albums have now been issued, containing the following works: the Sonnets (London A4341, $14.94); "Richard II" (A4335, $14.94); "King John" (A4418, $19.92); "The Merchant of Venice" (A4416, $19.92); "Julius Caesar" (A4334, $14.94); "Othello" (A4414, $19.92); "Measure for Measure" (A4417, $19.92); and "Coriolanus" (A4415, $19.92).

The works are presented in their entirety and uncut, in the text of "The New Shakespeare," edited by that Doyen of Shakespearean scholars, John Dover Wilson, and recorded by Past and Present Members of the Marlowe Society of the University of Cambridge and Professional Players, directed by George Rylands, under the auspices of the British Council. There are explanatory notes on each play, and leaflets describing the action of the plays. The recordings are of such high quality that I feel confident they will not only revive interest in some of Shakespeare's lesser-known plays among the general public but may even lead to a boom in play-reading among the devotees of the drama, recalling the revolution in public taste caused by Bernard Shaw at the end of the last century when he made play-reading fashionable in cultured homes owing to the entertaining introductions, commentaries, and long scenic directions he added to the texts of his plays. With these Marlowe Society recordings in our library we may develop the habit of listening to the great tragedies of Shakespeare as we do to the last quartets of Beethoven, with our ears attuned to poetry that will never die.

Indeed, the highest praise we can give these beautiful recordings of the plays is that they produce upon us an effect similar to that of exquisitely played ensemble music. This quality of ensemble in acting has been achieved by the perfect balance among the players and the consummate mastery of detail on the part of the director. Whereas in the theatre our attention is so monopolized by the star performers that we neglect the secondary parts, the players in these recorded performances are anonymous. We are continually fascinated by details we had not noticed before.

In recording the 154 sonnets, the problem was to ease the monotony inevitable in a single restricted poetical form, where every line is a decasyllable. By distributing the sonnets among ten different voices it was possible to emphasize different moods and suggest links. It is, moreover, exhilarating to hear the sonnets interpreted in accordance with the theory of Dr. Hotson, who held that they were written before 1590, basing his case on the enigmatic line in Sonnet 107—"The Mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'd." This he took

to mean the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, which was described in contemporary writings as a vast crescent or horned moon. Shakespeare was then a young man of twenty-five, lisping in numbers, a close friend of the dashing young Earl of Southampton, and enslaved by a black-browed, black-eyed wench, "his heart prison'd in her steel bosom's ward." The musical qualities that we note in the sonnets appear unmistakably in "Richard II," unique among the Histories, for its protagonist is a poet in love with words. In no other play, Walter Pater wrote, is there such a flush of gay, fresh, variegated flowers of speech. And Pater's young disciple, W. B. Yeats, when he saw the play, was moved as he had never been moved, for he saw in Richard the defeat that awaits the artist or saint who is contemplative when men want him to be hot in action. Shakespeare at the beginning draws all the faults of Richard, for he relies upon Richard's great sufferings and gradually emergent good qualities for our sympathy, and this was possible because his faults sprang from defects of character.

THE recording of "King John," with its quicker tempo and its sharply defined scenes, emphasizes the variety of Shakespeare's style. This play, which appeared in 1595-1596, is more sculptural and less pictorial than "Richard II" and is etched in firm relief. John, like Richard II, is weak, but more sinister, and he foreshadows Claudius and Macbeth. Here, more than in the York and Lancaster plays, the kingly characters John and Constance personify their countries. Indeed, the Bastard Faulconbridge is the most English figure in the plays. "He is," as John Masefield says, "the Englishman, neither at his best nor at his worst but at his commonest": honest, robust, hearty, contemptuous of the weak, glad to be a king's bastard, incapable of perceiving intellect in a foreigner, extremely just, very kind when not fighting, and fond of the words "fair play." In our darkest hour in the Second World War his final speech was quoted by Sir Winston Churchill: "come the three corners of the world in arms and we shall shock them." The year of the play, 1596, also was an anxious year for England. In August of that year Elizabeth heard that a new and greater Spanish Armada was being prepared by Philip II, and Drake and Hawkins set out at the end of the month on their last voyage. Essex, however, the Queen's favorite, made amends by sacking Cadiz.

TO PASS from "King John" to "The Merchant of Venice," which was written in the same year, is to be transported to the sunlit world of Shakespeare, and the playwright's first editor, Nicholas Rowe (1709), calls it "one of the most finished of all Shakespeare's." The playwright after five years apprenticeship was already master of his craft, and was able to handle his themes from romance and blend sunshine and shadow. Also in this play, he shows himself a master in prose

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as well as verse. Particularly effective is the recording of the trial scene with its alternate patches of sunlight and shadow which envelop Portia and Shylock. The latter is the ogre in the fairy tale but Shakespeare transfigured the grotesque blood-and-thunder Jew ot Malta of Marlowe and gave him aristocracy and tragic dignity. Though Shakespeare's contemporary Richard Burbage is said to have played Shylock originally in a red wig, Nicholas Rowe observed that though the part of the Jew was performed by a comedian he could not but think it was designed tragically by the author. Certainly the savage fierceness and spirit of revenge remove the play from the category of comedy and contrast with the quality of mercy personified by Portia and the generous friendship of Antonio and Bassanio. But such is Shakespeare's magic alchemy that no sooner does he evoke the moon in the fifth act and let soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony than we shuffle off our muddy vesture of decay and the play ends in a Mozartean *allegretto*. Shakespeare truly believed that the man who had no music in himself was fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Even in "Julius Caesar" (1599), the gateway which leads from "Henry V" to "Hamlet," the first step in a tragic sequence which closes with "Coriolanus," there is a further reference to music when Caesar says to Mark Antony that the lean and hungry Cassius is dangerous. "He loves no plays, as thou dost, Antony: he hears no music." To Antony, therefore, Shakespeare gives drama, music, and eloquence.

For this reason the scene in the Forum after the death of Caesar was most effective in the contrast between the two Orators, Brutus, "Caesar's angel," forever at war with himself, and Mark Antony, Caesar's avenger, who is kept in reserve and only loosed at the turn of the play. Particularly effective were the crowds in the Forum, the pause after the assassination when the conspirators have dipped their hands in Caesar's blood. We imagine the scene at the moment of tension. The assassins see themselves through the eyes of posterity. But as the group breaks up a servant enters—"a friend of Mark Antony"—and a moment later the Triumvir himself. The die is cast.

WHEREAS in "Julius Caesar" Shakespeare has turned his back on the man of action and is searching for a new kind of hero whom he finds in the introspective Brutus, in "Othello" he returns to the protagonist who completely dominates the play. All the beauties of "Othello" are expressions of Othello's passion for Desdemona, and it is this rich exotic color which gives the play its peculiar poignancy. It is the most concentrated of all the plays and written with such white-hot intensity that the playwright evidently aimed at exciting his audience to the limit of their endurance. Nevertheless the composer Giuseppe Verdi made it still more concentrated by omitting Act I, thus preserving the unities like a classic drama. But by omitting Act I, which is, so to speak, the prologue to the main action, Iago is deprived of his one piece of evidence against the character of Desdemona, namely that she had deceived her father. Later on, in the third act, he will use that evidence to distill poison into Othello's ear. Verdi's Iago, on the other hand, without the first act, is a Satanic character who is an abstraction. Iago, as Shakespeare saw him, is the personification of Envy as that sin is explained by Bacon following Chaucer. He is, the commentator says, the modern *faux bonhomme*, the man with a chip on his shoulder, who may be found in Somerset Maugham's "The Narrow Corner." He should not be played "daringly Italian, a true compatriot of the Borgias," as Henry Irving played him, with petty tricks and knaveries, but as a past master of villainy, who sets out systematically to entrap a noble nature and seems to do so without motive. And, as Coleridge observed, Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, for he is not of jealous disposition like Leontes in "A Winter's Tale." He kills her because he is convinced by the almost superhuman persuasiveness of Iago whom he believed to be absolutely honest. Othello, who had no life but in Desdemona, is completely overwhelmed by the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence. Although "Othello" is a drama that needs the stage to bring out the maximum of its tragedy, nevertheless the record brings out many hidden beauties because we concentrate more upon the rich music of the poetry when our eyes are not distracted by the stage. There are grand single words such as "Propontic," "Hellespont," "the Anthropophagi" which have an Aeschylean ring about them, especially when they are spoken in a mellow voice, as in the record of the Marlowe Society. Intensely dramatic, too, is the way in which the decorative style of Othello's speech degenerates in the later acts of the play when he loses control. There the ugly, ranting speech becomes the antithesis of his former romantic, heroic, and high-colored style. No passage shows the miracle of Shakespeare's genius in higher relief than the death speech of Othello at the end. When he reached that point the playwright must have wondered how he could end the play without an anticlimax, for all is over. Emilia lies dead beside Desdemona, Iago is manacled and ready to be led off to torture, but then Othello utters the most beautiful words of all the play about "one not easily jealous, but being wrought, perplext in the extreme, of one whose hand like the base Indian, threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe." Thus Othello makes "a swanlike end, fading in music."

"Measure for Measure" has always suffered from lack of popularity because it was called a "problem play." It is to be hoped that this recording will bring its great beauties to the public who have hitherto shunned it. As the commentator says, it is not only psychologically acute and "modern": it is spiritually profound. It was Wilson Knight in his fascinating book "The Wheel of Fire" (1930) who took up the cudgels on behalf of this play

(*Continued on page* 39)

"We'd like to make a few tape recordings . . ."

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Recordings in Review

Sutherland, Soprano

DONIZETTI: *"Ancor non giunse!" "Regnava nel silenzio," "Ardon gl'incensi" ("Lucia"), "Ah! tardai troppo" ("Linda di Chamounix");* VERDI: *"Ernani! involami" ("Ernani") and "Mercè, diletti amiche" ("Vespri Siciliani"). Joan Sutherland, soprano, with Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Nello Santi.* London OS 25111, $5.98. HANDEL: *"Tornami a vagheggiar" and "Ombre pallide" ("Alcina"). Joan Sutherland, with Philomusica of London conducted by Anthony Lewis. "Tune your harps" ("Esther"). William Herbert, tenor. "Turn not, O Queen." ("Esther"). Hervey Alan, bass. "Jephtha" Sinfonia (Act III), Symphony (Act II), "Rodrigo" suite. All conducted by Lewis.* L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60001, $5.98.

HAD THE FIRST VANCOUVER FESTIVAL in the summer of 1958 not provided a "Don Giovanni" with Joan Sutherland as Donna Anna (reported in *SR*, August 9, 1958), it might be an inclination to accept her singing of Donizetti and Verdi as the work of another light-voiced soprano with little dramatic reserve. But its effortless suavity, added to the "poise and musicality" admired in Miss Sutherland's Donna Anna (her very first, it was later discovered), suggests that she may be another all-purpose soprano in the making.

Joan Sutherland—"another all-purpose soprano in the making"

What of the quality, and the inevitable comparisons with Callas? The quality is clear, even, and as applied to the requirements of "Lucia," remarkably relaxed. It tends more to the kind of coloratura quality associated with Galli-Curci and Pons at their best than to the disembodied, covered effect favored by Callas. And if she is somewhat more conscious of dramatic emphasis than the average Lucia, she doesn't approach the kind of characterization to which Callas aspires. What is remarkable, perhaps, is the substance of the lower range where, now and again, there is a vestige of the veiled timbre à la Callas. Sutherland floats beautifully through "Ernani, involami," and the convolutions of the "Bolero" from "Vespri Siciliani" are no problem at all.

As she shows in her singing of Handel—two airs whose existence the average soprano would like to forget—Miss Sutherland is a musician of rare refinement and artistic aspiration, as well as the mistress of a vocal technic more varied and encompassing than any of her contemporaries. How it would sound in a big theatre is another matter; but this pair of records is sufficient unto themselves. The contents of the Handel disc, otherwise, are more interesting for the material than for the manner of the performance.

More of Galli-Curci

DONIZETTI: *"Verranno a te sull'aure,"* "Il dolce suono" ("Lucia"), "O luce di quest' anima" ("Linda di Chamounix"), "Quel guardo il cavaliere," "Tornami a dir che m'ami"* ("Don Pasquale");* BELLINI: *"Come per me sereno," "Sovra il sen la man mi posa," "Son geloso del zeffiro,"* "Ah! non credea mirarti" ("La Sonnambula"), "Son vergin vezzosa," "Qui la voce sua soave" ("Puritani"). Amelita Galli-Curci, soprano. Those marked * with Tito Schipa, tenor.* Camden CAL 525, $1.98.

THE COINCIDENTAL APPEARANCE of this second disc bearing the title "The Art of Galli-Curci, Vol. 2" provides an illuminating check to the statements about Sutherland in the preceding paragraphs, for those who may never have heard the famous coloratura in this repertory from another source. Insofar as one can make comparisons derived from recording techniques some forty years apart, Miss Sutherland's sound indeed has some of the airiness, limpidity, and sweetness of Galli-Curci's. This still leaves ample areas of individuality for the older singer—grace, lightness, suppleness in ornament—which still surpass anything heard since her time.

For the most part, this is the most absorbing collection of Galli-Curci that has ever come to attention: an infinitely more flattering tribute to her art than the oft-heard "Lo! here the gentle lark" and "Shadow Song" which have been issued and reissued. There is virtually none of the sharp sound associated with her later career (except, perhaps, in the "Linda di Chamounix" excerpt) and a reasonable variation of timbre to ward off the monotony that sometimes creeps into an extended sampling of her work. And amid all the brilliants are such extra dazzling gems as the D flat at the end of "Ah! non credea mirarti" (less sung than exhaled) and the shakes in the "Mad Scene" which remain the last real trills sung by such a vocalist.

For the Desert Island

MOZART: *Trio in E flat (K.498). Members of the Vienna Octet, with Walter Panhoffer, piano. Quintet in E flat (K.498). The same.* London CS 6109, $4.98.

THERE ARE, apparently, fewer desert islands than there used to be, hence a decline in the popular pastime of naming books and records (not to mention less inanimate things) with which to be stranded on same. But if I could find one equipped with AC current, turntable, dual amplifier, and two speakers, I'd give this specimen of Mozart's art high priority upon removal there.

For one thing, though they are written for instruments, the two works are beautifully illustrative of his finest vocal style. Included in the three movements of the trio are an opening slow movement in sonata form, a minuet and trio, and a finale-with-variations. For its part, the quintet is almost a summary of two styles of writing—chamber and concertante—with each movement an exemplary instance of its type. Moreover, there isn't a bar in the two works which isn't musical, and indispensable.

It may be assumed, as a precondition to the "faint praise" inscribed above, that the performance is worthy of the material. I direct particular attention

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to the trio, in which Willi Boskovsky operates on the viola, and performs with the skills which have made him a notable concert-master for the Vienna Philharmonic. As for the instrument on which he performs, it sounds as though it might be rubbed regularly with whipped cream, or, at least, sprinkled every now and then with *kirsch*. The stereo locates the ensemble directly between the two speakers, a position about which there can be no complaints.

Piatigorsky with Foss

DEBUSSY: *Sonata No. 1;* STRAVINSKY: *"Suite Italienne";* BUSONI: *"Kleine Suite," Op. 23;* FOSS: *Capriccio. Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, with Lukas Foss, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2293, $4.98.

THOUGH the Debussy sonata (of 1915) is given subordinate billing here to the Stravinsky suite, it is by far the principal reason for recommending the disc. Thanks in no small measure to the flexible, always well-shaded pianistic performance of Foss, the distinctions of the music are more strongly projected than is commonly the case. In his annotation Piatigorsky dates his first knowledge of the Sonata to 1918, when he introduced it to Moscow. This is one instance in which an acquaintance of four decades has tended to reveal, rather than obscure, the essence of a work to its performer. In beauty of sound and strength of statement, this belongs among the best of recent Piatigorsky performances.

The Stravinsky, however, is decidedly less attractive—a comment in part on its less than real suitability for the cello (it was derived from the "Pulcinella" suite by way of the violin suite made by the composer). Moreover it impels Piatigorsky to some rough and raspy sound, also a more than tolerable amount of off-pitch fingering. On the other hand there is nothing but virtue in the Busoni and Foss, the latter a much more substantial work than its title would suggest, a real addition to the literature of the solo instrument. It is hardly necessary to add that Foss and Piatigorsky are as partial to Foss as Piatigorsky and Foss are to Debussy.

Yesterday's Wagner

WAGNER: *"Ho-jo-to-ho," "War es so schmählich?" "Leb' wohl" ("Walküre"). Frida Leider, soprano, Friedrich Schorr, baritone, and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra directed by Leo Blech. "Mime, hiess ein mürrischer Zwerg," "Schweigt eures Jämmers" ("Götterdämmerung"). Lauritz Melchior, Otto Helgers, Elfriede Marherr-Wagner, and Frida Leider, with Robert Heger and Leo Blech, conductors.* Angel COLH 105, $5.98.

INSOFAR AS the performances of the great vocalists and the able conductors above enumerated are concerned, I will go along with almost any words of praise, especially for Melchior's magical projection of the dying Siegfried's love for Brünnhilde (always one of his finest moments), Schorr's rolling sonority in Wotan's farewell, and Leider's pleading in "War es so schmählich?" But to include these examples in the series called "Great Recordings of the Century" implies some things about the totality which are demonstrably false. Namely, the kind of fidelity to Wagner's orchestral writing which is narrowly acceptable at best, and downright feeble at worst. It is one thing to extract all the sound in the metal plates (as has been well done in the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals "Archduke" noted on page 38): but it is obviously impossible to reproduce a larger orchestra than was being used in 1927-28 (all the tracks except the Melchior, which is dated 1930).

Nevertheless, for those who never heard Schorr or Melchior at their best, or whose acquaintance with Leider was a limited one, these are excellent instances of what made each a paragon for the roles with which they are identified. The Leider "Immolation" scene is of special interest today, now that those of Flagstad and Traubel, Lawrence and Moedl have intervened. She doesn't have the vocal opulence of either Flagstad or Traubel, or the youthful vitality of Lawrence, but she does have a depth of characterization, an inwardness in the words and music, which gives a special individuality to her Brünnhilde. The haste at some points is attributable less to Blech's inclinations than to the time limits of the original 78 rpm sides.

News from Nippon

COPLAND: *Dance Symphony;* STEVENS: *Symphony No. 1. Akeo Watanabe conducting the Japan Philharmonic Symphony.* CRI 129, $5.95.

SO FAR AS either recollection or research (admittedly non-exhaustive) reveals, there has not been a previous recording of the so-called "Dance" symphony (a derivative of the "Grohg" ballet suite). The special irony of this is that it won a $5,000 prize in 1929 offered by the (then) Victor Company, whose benefits were to include a recording. Everybody knows what happened to the record industry after 1929: this project was a casualty.

Thus, almost *x* number of years later, the Dance Symphony has its first recording, and the credit it reflects upon the work is considerable. It is plain to see now that this expression or that effect reflects the younger Copland's love of Debussy or Stravinsky, but it is also audible that they are being digested into a creative body of his own, from which the later works of individuality emerged.

The Stevens symphony of 1945 is the work of a composer known primarily as author of "The Life and Music of Béla Bartók," a pioneer volume of great worth. A compact creation within a single continuous movement, Stevens's Symphony No. 1 has flow, contrast, individuality—the essentials of musical interest, whatever the mode of expression. It also acquaints us with a musical mentality whose further works should be equally well worth knowing.

The performances range from excellent to indifferent, depending in large measure upon the technical complications of the passages or sections being performed. In slower tempi, and at medium dynamic range, the players' identification with the unfamiliar idioms is surprisingly close and understanding. When the pace is faster, as in Copland's finale, the pitch tends to become vague and off-center. But it is obviously the product of hard and earnest work, for which Watanabe (of Japanese-Finnish origin, and for two years an advanced pupil of Jean Morel at Juilliard) may be properly proud. The technical work conforms well to the current international standard. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Halsey Stevens—"flow, contrast, individuality."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4 in B flat. Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra. London CS 6070, $4.98.	A fine sense of pulse and a keen response to the underlying rhythmic urge of this music dominate Ansermet's treatment. There is also ample opportunity for the superior wind instrument soloists of his orchestra to distinguish themselves. The "Coriolan," however, I find a little brittle, without sufficient weight.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5 in C minor. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2343, $5.98.	As those who have heard his recent versions of the "Eroica" and the Seventh Symphonies are aware, Reiner has made his orchestra a powerful instrument for the articulation of his ideas on the classical repertory. This one is of the same quality in performance, but I prefer a more deliberate treatment of No. 5, especially in the first movement and scherzo, both of which develop something of a breathless haste. Excellent sound throughout, including a "Coriolan" of impact and character. (Monaural: LM 2343 $4.98.)
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 in F ("Pastorale"). Antal Dorati conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Epic BC 1038, $5.98.	Dorati does not get quite as much response from the Vienna Symphony as he does from his own Minneapolis players: at its best, it remains a worthy rather than great ensemble. For that matter, the words are equally applicable to the interpretation of the "Pastorale," which provides a pleasant rather than memorable day in the country. (Monaural LC 3611, $4.98.)
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A. Georg Solti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London CS 6093, $4.98.	All the evidence of the past year (as in his "Rheingold") indicates that Solti is making longer strides toward eminence in his field than any of his contemporaries. Forthright and musicianly, this interpretation also has a substantial part of the strength and purpose wanted to realize the composer's objectives. Still lacking is sufficient discrimination in dynamic contrasts to illuminate some of the effects Solti clearly has in mind. Few recordings have compared in string sound to this one.
Chopin: Concerto No. 2 in F minor. Alexander Uninsky, piano, with the Hague Philharmonic conducted by Willem van Otterloo. Epic BG 1037, $5.98.	Uninsky has every attribute for outstanding performance of Chopin save one—the total glow which helps to differentiate subtlety from superficiality. Strength and fluency are present in abundance, but they could be administered somewhat more flexibly. Van Otterloo and the orchestra are with him all the way. The choice of the Polonaise-Fantaisie in A flat (Op. 61) to fill out the second side is an attractive one. (Monaural: LC 3610, $4.98)
Dvorák: Symphony No. 2 in D minor. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CS 6083, $4.98.	As poor-sounding, inferior recording of this order could hardly be repeated in the same work by the same conductor and orchestra, it must be concluded that this stereo is a product of the same session which was represented in the monophonic catalogue (LL 1606) for five years or so past. As such it adds nothing to Kubelik's stature, nor does it reflect credit on London's claims vis-a-vis two-track reproduction. The performance itself has much to commend it.
Grieg: "Holberg" suite; Mozart: "Petits Riens" suite. Karl Münchinger and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. London CS 6088, $4.98.	Another remembrance of things from the past, this version of the Grieg is probably the best performance it has ever had on discs. The string sound is appreciably enhanced by the stereo treatment, especially in the clarification of inner strands of sound. The Mozart side is several degrees less successful, Münchinger lacking the kind of refinement that made the Arthur Goldschmidt treatment (with members of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra on "Anthologie Sonore") such a pleasure. (Monaural: LL 1685, $3.98.)
Mozart: Concertos No. 17 in G (K. 453) and No. 24 in C minor (K. 491). Gina Bachauer, piano, with Alec Sherman conducting the London Orchestra. Capitol SG 7194, $5.98.	Though Miss Bachauer is customarily associated with more muscular matters than Mozart, she adjusts her pianistic output to the requirements of these two works with a good deal of success, especially as the orchestral backgrounds directed by Sherman (her husband) are scaled appropriately. Withal, the aural appeal is limited mostly to what Miss Bachauer does with her fine finger control, rather than with a profounder impulse from the mind. The "London" orchestra—not to be confused with any record company of that name—is of a size associated with the name of Harry Blech, and may include some of the same players. Beautifully balanced stereo sound. (Monaural: G 7194, $4.98.)
Ravel: "Daphnis et Chloe." Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony, with the chorus of the Royal Opera House. London CS 6147, $4.98.	Inasmuch as Monteux performs the score in toto, and also includes the desirable choral parts, this should take care of all reasonable requirements for "Daphnis et Chloe" for some time to come. The balance and "reasonableness" of his procedures do not exclude real inner warmth, a plastic sense of the music's ebb, flow, and crest. The sound is all it should be.
Respighi: "Pines of Rome"; Gabrieli: Sonata " Pian e forte"; Frescobaldi: "Gagliarda"; Palestrina: "Adoramus Te." Leopold Stokowski conducting the Symphony of the Air. United Artists UAL 7001, $4.98.	All of this is music of which Stokowski has a vivid interpretative conception, and under his painstaking guidance the players of the Symphony of the Air give him the execution of a great orchestra. The orchestral mastery and executive skill are readily apparent in the broad strokes with which the "Pines" are recreated, but there is equal distinction in the intimacy of mood and fervor of feeling conveyed in his Frescobaldi and Palestrina arrangements. Also included is a transcription for strings and harp of Cesti's "Tu mancavi a tormentarmi, crudelissima speranza." Robert E. Blake is responsible for the outstanding quality of the reproduced sound. (Stereo: UAS 8001, $5.98.)
Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol SG 7195, $5.98.	A dozen recorded versions of this great work, plus a miscellany more in the concert hall, would seem to have provided virtually every conceivable approach to it. However, Kubelik manages a quality never heard from another conductor—a casual, "no comment" recreation which concentrates on a note-perfect performance by the orchestra. This may be Kubelik's considered alternative to the overemphasis in which some others indulge, but it is an evasion of the central responsibility of any interpreter: a positive statement about the music he has chosen to perform. Not distinguished as a recording, either. (Monaural: G 7195, $4.98.)
Turina: "La Procesión del Rocio," "La Oración del Torero"; Albéniz: "Navarra"; Guridi: "Ten Basque Dances." Ataulfo Argenta conducting the Orquesta Nacional de Espana. London CS 6130, $4.98.	For those who missed them in their first time around in monophonic reproduction, attention may be directed to Jesus Guridi's arrangement of material from his native Basque country. The calculated simplicities of the transcriptions are respected in the late Argenta's understanding recreation. He is also a keenly sympathetic interpreter of Turina, though the disc as a whole does not approach the total quality of work in the "Music of Spain" series (due, perhaps, to different engineers?). (Monaural: LL 1585, $3.98.)
Von Suppé: "Light Cavalry," "Poet and Peasant," "Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna," "Pique Dame." Georg Solti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CS 6146, $4.98.	Even before he was known as a conductor of much else, Solti had commended himself with the zest, flavor, and musicality of this same repertory with the Vienna Philharmonic (LL 352). Add to it the increased authority he has acquired in the intervening years, plus the close knit of his cooperation with the orchestra, and you have a glorification of this repertory which takes it out of the cinema palace and puts it back in its rightful place among the best of operetta music. Fine reproduction also. —Irving Kolodin.

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Stravinsky

Continued from page 30

tween these revisions have been much discussed, though I think they are not well known or even often perceived. In at least two of the dances the bar lengths were longer in the 1913 original. At that time I tried to bar according to the phrasing, but my 1921 experience had led me to prefer smaller divisions (a comparison of the "Evocation des Ancêtres" in the two versions, although I think I possess the only copy of the original, should show the principle of subdivision applied in the later one). The smaller bars did prove more manageable for the conductor and clearer for the orchestra. I also felt that they clarified the scansion of the music. (I was thinking about a similar question yesterday while reading a quatrain from one of the "Sonnets to Orpheus"; did the poet write the lines at this length or, as I think, did he cut them in half?) My main purpose in revising the "Danse Sacrale" was to facilitate performance by means of an easier-to-read unit of beat. But the instrumentation has been changed, too—improved, I think—in many ways. For example, the music of the second group of four horns has been considerably amended in the later version; I was never satisfied with the horn parts. The muted horn note following the five-note trombone solo has been given to the much stronger bass trumpet in this version, too, and the string parts have been to a great extent rewritten. Amateurs of the older versions have been disturbed by the fact that the last chord has been changed. I was never content with this chord, however; it was a noise before and is now an aggregation of distinct pitches. But I would go on revising my music forever, were I not too busy composing more of it, and I am still not content with everything in "Le Sacre." (The first violin part in the "Cortège du Sage," for example, is badly overbalanced.)

I WAS guided by no system whatever in "Le Sacre du Printemps." When I think of the music of the other composers of that time who interest me—Berg's music, which is synthetic (in the best sense), and Webern's, which is analytic—how much more *theoretical* it seems than "Le Sacre." And these composers belonged to and were supported by a great tradition. Very little immediate tradition lies behind "Le Sacre du Printemps," however, and no theory. I had only my ear to help me; I heard and I wrote what I heard. I am the vessel through which "Le Sacre" passed.

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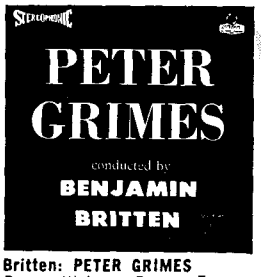
Siepi, Della Casa, Gueden, Vienna Philhar. Orch. — Kleiber.
Stereo OSA-1402 Mono A-4407

Wagner: DIE WALKURE—Act 3
Flagstad; Edelmann; Schech; Vienna Philhar. Orch.—Solti
Stereo OSA-1203 Mono A-4225

Puccini: LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST
Tebaldi; Del Monaco; MacNeil; Orch. of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome — Capuana.
Stereo OSA-1306 Mono A-4338



Britten: PETER GRIMES
Pears; Watson; Pease; Evans; Orch. of Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—Benj. Britten.
Stereo OSA-1305 Mono A-4342

Wagner: DAS RHEINGOLD
Flagstad; London; Svanholm; Vienna Philhar. Orch. — Solti.
Stereo OSA-1309 Mono A-4340

Boito: MEFISTOFELE
Siepi; Del Monaco; Tebaldi; Orch. of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome — Serafin.
Stereo OSA-1307 Mono A-4339

and

now!

Puccini: LA BOHEME
Tebaldi; Bergonzi; Bastianini; Siepi; Orch. of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome—Serafin.
Stereo OSA-1208 Mono A-4236

Verdi: AIDA
Tebaldi, Simionato; Bergonzi; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Von Karajan.
Stereo OSA-1313 Mono A-4345

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Partitas Nos. 1 and 2. Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. Archive 73129, $5.98. Nos. 3 and 4. The same. ARC 73130, $5.98. Nos. 5 and 6. The same. ARC 73131, $5.98.	There is a good deal to admire and much to enjoy in Kirkpatrick's performance of the set of six, but some—myself included—may question whether the harpsichord is a really satisfactory instrument for this music. Paradoxically, there may be more definition of voices, a cleaner stranding of the counterpoint from the piano, with its greater tonal and dynamic range. As in the English Suites previously issued (*SR* April 27, 1957), Kirkpatrick tends to the didactic in his choice of tempi and dynamic contrasts.
Beethoven: Septet, Op. 20. Members of the Vienna Octet. London CS 6132, $4.98.	"Only" the best of the Vienna Philharmonic is represented in this recording—the two Boskovskys (Willi, violin, Alfred, clarinet), Günther Breitenbach, viola, Nicolas Hübner, cello, Johann Krump, double bass, Rudolf Hanzl, bassoon, and Josef Veleba, French horn—which is sufficient guarantee of the musical qualities it contains. Add to this predisposition an almost fanatical concern for niceties of ensemble performance plus the advantages of stereophonic sound, and the total is close to insuperable for the repertory represented. (Monaural: LL 1191, $3.98).
Beethoven: Sonatas Nos. 21 in C (Op. 53) and No. 30 in E (Op. 109). Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Capitol SP 8493, $5.98.	Almost all of Firkusny's impulses are musically motivated, and he is the epitome of the modest, self-effacing interpreter, sometimes to the point of reticence. However, it doesn't sound to my ear that he commands the kind of pianistic power to successfully achieve the climactic moments of either the "Waldstein" or the E major. There are some moments of real charm in each (the announcement of the "Rondo" theme in the former, much of the first movement in the latter), but others where tension is relaxed, continuity interrupted, especially in transitions. (Monaural: P 8493, $4.98.)
Beethoven: Trio in B flat. Jacques Thibaud, violin, Pablo Casals, cello, and Alfred Cortot, piano. Angel COLH 29, $5.95.	An adornment of the literature ever since it was recorded thirty-one years ago (the first American issue was in 1931), this performance wears its age with honor, and its designation in the "Great Recordings of the Century" series with justice. The sound is a remarkable improvement on the "thinness" of the original, due not only to skillful restoration but also, probably, to today's improved pickups, amplifiers, speakers. In any case, not at all an "antique."
Brahms: Quartet in C minor (Op. 60). Festival Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2330, $4.98.	In some works, the position of prominence allotted to Victor Babin's piano might be considered undue favoritism, but it accords well with the conception of this one, as the performance of the others (Szymon Goldberg, violin, William Primrose, viola, Nicolai Graudan, cello) does with his. The pitch in the slow movement is not all it should be. As a totality, this is more a "performance" than the average of recorded chamber music.
Chopin: Polonaise in A flat, Scherzo No. 2; Liszt: "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 6, "Mephisto Waltz"; Brahms: Intermezzo (B flat minor), Rhapsody (G minor); Rachmaninoff: Prelude in C sharp minor. Lorin Hollander, piano. Camden CAL 534, $1.98.	If the purpose of this issue is to prove that young Hollander can play as fast and as loud as many pianists twice his fourteen years, it is a rousing success. However, he has little real idea of what the Chopin Polonaise or Scherzo is about, rattling through the fast passages as though velocity and meaning were mutually exclusive things. The trio of the Scherzo — also the Brahms Intermezzo — show some of the melodic sensitivity and innate musicality admired in his "live" performance of a Mozart concerto several years ago, but the emphasis elsewhere is so consistently on display that other elements are not merely secondary but subordinate. The blame is less Hollander's than those of his elders who consider this the proper repertory for him.
Cimarosa: Concerto; Albinoni: Concerto in B flat (Op. 7, No. 3); Handel: Concerto in G minor; Haydn: Concerto in C. André Lardrot, oboe, with orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska. Vanguard FSD 2036, $5.95.	The good repute Lardrot has earned in performances with I Solisti di Zagreb is more than sustained in his playing of the four works noted. The Cimarosa is, of course, Arthur Benjamin's adaptation of music originally written for strings, which few great oboists of our time (Leon Goossens to Mitch Miller) have not undertaken. Lardrot matches their high standards throughout, and Prohaska cooperates with sympathy and understanding. (Previously issued on monophonic as Vanguard 1025, $4.98.)
Franck: Quintet. Sviatoslav Richter, piano, with Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra Quartet. Monitor MC 2036, $4.98.	As might be anticipated from his playing of Schumann and Schubert, Richter is a persuasive voice for Franck's ideas, the affiliated quartet (Isaac Zhuk and Boris Veltman, violins, Maurice Gurvich, viola, and Isaac Buravsky, cello) the equal of any ensemble which has recently recorded the work. If neither Richter nor his associates can do much to overcome Franck's affection for his own formulae, they do as much as can be done to alleviate their insistence. More than acceptable sound, showing that the Russians are making steady progress in this technology.
Haydn, Michael: Quintets in C and G. Roth Quartet, with Laurent Halleux, viola. SFM S 2005, $5.95.	As well as being the younger brother of the Haydn known to fame, Michael Haydn lived in Salzburg from Mozart's sixth year, exercising a close and continuous influence on the development of that genius. These works of 1773 are genial, mellifluous, and beautifully written for the string ensemble. They may have influenced Mozart in writing his quintets (an early one, K.174, dates from late in 1773) to double the viola rather than the cello. First-rate performance and reproduction. (Monaural: SFM 1005, $4.98.)
Janácek: Quartets Nos. 1 and 2. Smetana Quartet. Artia ALP 109, $4.98.	At first contact, inspiration would seem in stronger supply in these works than discipline (by no means the worst failing of music, in any case). Increased familiarity breeds the feeling that Janácek's improvisatory, free-flowing phrases constitute a discipline of their own, if an unconventional one. Unquestionably a large part of this and the other values perceptible in the two works stems from the impassioned yet subtle performance of Jiry Novak and his associates. What in other hands might sound like a series of disjointed ideas is given order and continuity in theirs. The recording (originally Supraphon) is in every way satisfactory.
Mozart: "Se vuol ballare," "Non più andrai," "Aprite un po' quegl' occhi" ("Nozze di Figaro"), "Finch' han dal vino," "Deh, vieni alla finestra" ("Don Giovanni"), "Donne mie," "Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo" ("Così"); Cimarosa: "Il Maestro di Capella." Manuel Ausensi, baritone, with the Gran Orquesta Sinfonica conducted by R. Lamote de Grignon. London OS 25112, $5.98.	As too often is the case, the jacket notes are prodigal of information about the familiar works, barren of any word about the unfamiliar artist. Tracking down the suggestion of the orchestra's Spanish title, Ausensi turns up (via "Opera Annual") in the roster of the Liceo in Barcelona. He is a singer of sound accomplishment in his chosen repertory (though he prefers more a beer than a champagne pace in "Finch' han dal vino"), with a pliant vocal sound, a strong rhythmic sense and not little projection of character. His performance of the Cimarosa "intermezzo" is not as effervescent as the preceding ones by Corena (also London) or Taddei (Cetra), but it is thoroughly good nevertheless. —I.K.

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Shakespeare

(*Continued from page* 33)

and showed that there was a clear relation existing between it and the Gospels, for the theme is: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." And there is no more beautiful passage in all Shakespeare on the Christian redemption than Isabella's lines to Angelo:

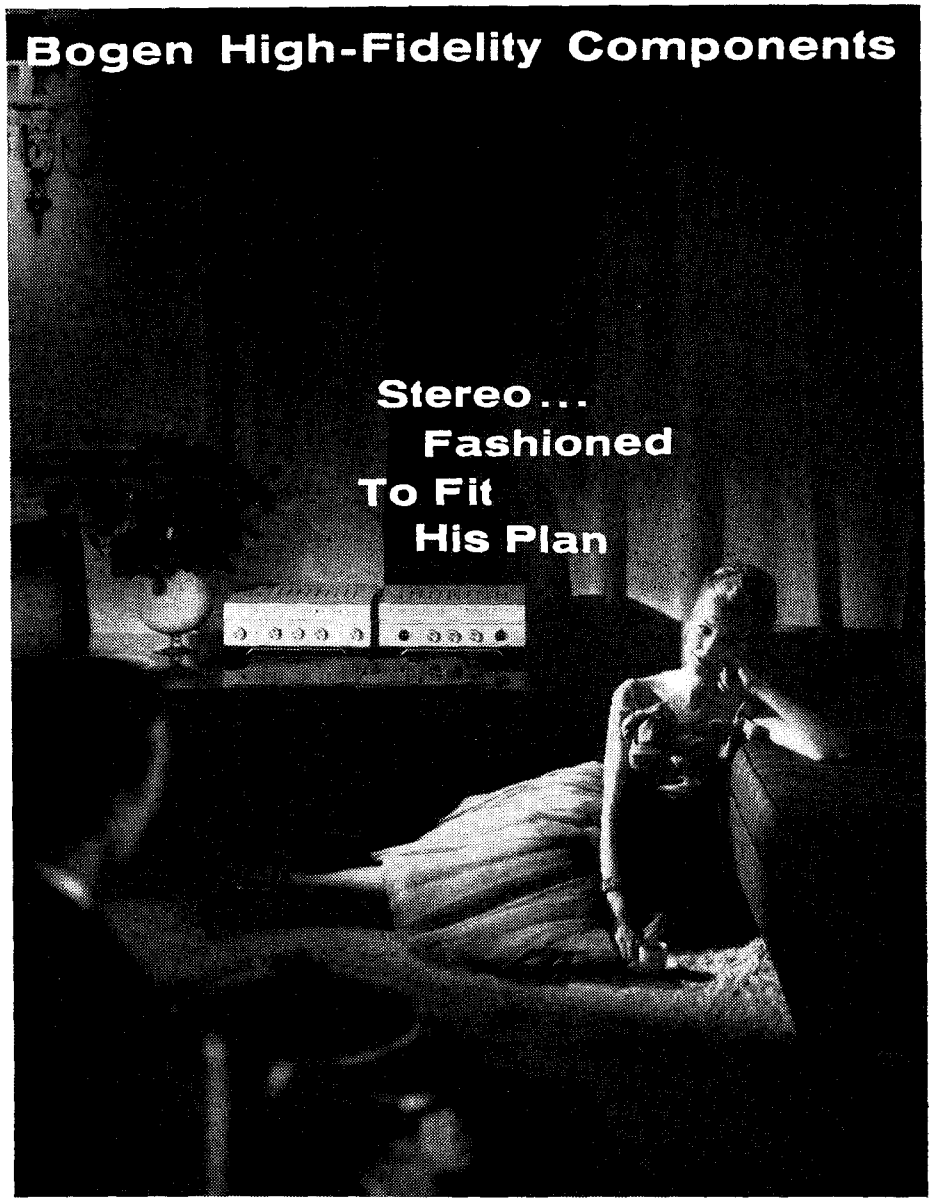
Alas: Alas:

Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.

The satire of the play is directed against the self-conscious righteousness and pharisaism. The play must be read not as a picture of normal human relationships, but as a parable, like those of Jesus Christ, for, as Wil-

son Knight says, the plot is, in fact, an inversion of the parable of the Unmerciful Servant (Matthew XVIII), and the universal forgiveness at the end is the same as the forgiveness of the Two Debtors in Luke VII.

The eighth and final album is the recording of "Coriolanus," written in 1607-8 after "Antony and Cleopatra." It is a highly rhetorical play and has affinities with Shakespeare's early tragic poem "The Rape of Lucrece." Although never one of the popular plays, it has on a number of occasions been staged by revolutionaries wishing to make a *coup d'état*, and has led to riots, as in Paris some years before the Second World War. As a recording it is one of the most perfect of the eight, and particularly effective are the crowd effects and the ensemble of trumpets of the camp. All the humor in the play comes from Menenius, "the humorous patrician, one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of Tiber in't, and converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehand of the morning." He is the liveliest old man in Shakespeare.



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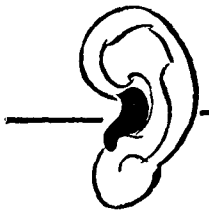

EARMARKS

Imaginators All

"FABLE FOREST" is a record for children that is as grown up as Aesop or La Fontaine, and it's certain that both grown-ups and children will be the wiser—and the happier—for it (Playhouse 202, $4.95). Its technical make-up relies on earlier discoveries made by Jim Copp and Ed Brown, the producers, that were incorporated in their first try, an excellent LP titled "Jim Copp Tales." From there on out, it's as fresh and new as the first effort. In the opening grooves, Copp establishes that everything takes place at a time "when the world was young," and "nobody had learned how to act." That exonerates everyone, child listeners included, from guilt about the way it turns out that everybody does act.

What follows is a reworking in modern sound of a string of fables that point up moral values without losing story interest. It's something like the "painless extractions" some dentists once advertised. The moral to each tale, as is proper wtih fables, is brief and forthright and doesn't sound very interesting abstracted on paper, or as something offered repeatedly by a parent to a child. Yet there is drama and intrigue in each of the stories, and that emerges as the significant substance that makes the moral palatable: a vain crow is conned out of a piece of cheese (*Never trust a flatterer*); a pair of unimaginative frogs loses a tidbit to a legal-minded turtle (Keep your disputes to yourselves); a shepherd nearly drowns because of foolish dreams of grandeur (*The grass may not be greener*).

The thing that makes all the fables come alive, and consequently gives some staying power to the familiar words and situations, is the combination of good, intelligible narration by Copp; the intelligent use of sound; the new voices and illusions created from this use. An ant playing a violin; a gudgeon speaking from beneath the water to a heron; a ship groaning on the high seas, occur as imagined yet believable sound; although all are created electronically from the process of tape manipulation that has by now become the trademark of a Jim Copp recording.

Imagination of another sort has been displayed by the pianist, Lyvia Rév, in assembling a collection of "Musique pour les enfants de Bach à Bartók" (Pathé DTX 269, $5.95). Fifteen composers are represented by piano pieces which were selected on the basis of their being either beginners' classics for children learning to play, or of having been written by the composer with children in mind. The selection is broad; between two Bachs (J.S.,K.Ph.-E.) and Bartók, we find Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Bizet, Fauré, Debussy, Shostakovitch, Prokofiev, Villa-Lobos, Jolivet, and Kodaly. There is no "playing down" here; the selections are simply done with warmth and sympathy, and one knows that a great deal of care has been expended to produce an intelligent and appealing anthology.

In London's "Alice in Wonderland" (London OSA 1206, $5.98), imaginative use of stereo adds immeasurably to realization of the classic Lewis Carroll story. "Alice" was adapted and produced by Douglas Cleverdon, narrated by Margaretta Scott, with Jane Asher as the girl. The supporting cast is good and diction and intelligibility at a consistently satisfactory level. Everyone speaks in proper English, and we never imagined any of the goings-on within the framework of this Wonderland as anything but that.

There are moments of high adventure which could never be better than as projected by stereo: the splashing about in the Pool of Tears provides an illusion of enveloping wetness as complete as anything short of a real dip in a real pool or big tub. Towels are in order after this episode. The Lobster Quadrille provides another memorable moment in a chain of well-realized fantasies.

In the matter of cats, one has to be practical as well as imaginative. The choice of the Liverpool-oriented voice of Deryck Guyler in the London production of Alice to portray the Cheshire cat is a case in point. And the choice of T. S. Eliot as suitable person to read "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats" (Argo 758, $3.98) is no doubt practical as well as appropriate. Whether Mr. Eliot ever penned "Practical Cats" or not is one of those little bits of publisher's whimsy that has had its day, although the tradition is maintained on the LP, which simply credits Mr. Eliot with the reading. Anyway, here is T. S. Eliot reciting "The Naming of Cats," "The Old Gumbie Cat," "Growltiger's Last Stand," and the rest of the gallery of cat-rogues assembled originally between covers of a book of the same title.

Mr. Eliot does them absolutely straight, so we can hear all the words and the rests and emphases of his poetry, and no fooling about the whimsical bits, either. His voice is dry and just a bit hollow, yet quite distinct. Occasional overtones that creep in suggest an echo of Sir Winston Churchill, and this gives an absolutely foreboding *fin de siècle* feeling to mock-heroics like "Growltiger's Last Stand" that is just right. This record may not do for all children, but it is certainly right for all cats. Our own, a part-gumbie, thinks Mr. Eliot has got it.

"The Volga—Songs and Dances featuring the Chorus of the Volga" (Monitor M 319, $4.98) came into its own the other day with our children in a way that seems worth passing on. They had been having trouble learning "The Volga Boatmen" from a collection of music for beginners at the piano, and didn't really want to play it slowly at all. Then came the record, and "Song of the Volga Boatmen," as heard on this LP, was so well arranged and so beautifully sung by the Chorus that it began to seem entirely real and even worth learning to play as marked. The interest didn't stop there, however. The other songs—translated as "The Broad Steppe," "The Wide, Deep Volga," "The Little Green Willow," and so forth—had to be played, and now there's a threat that the piano will be abandoned for vocal training. That's too much imagination.

—FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

Eurydice's Return

By M. B. Thornton

OLD habits drag like grave clothes
and returning reaches first
the level of the dust.
Beside me quietly to hand
there is this god who asks of me
the nothing that I can withstand;
a god of message, and that love
far off before us through the darkness
like a star which is not star
but light and entrance into life.
I seek on earth that man alone
who has no need of turning back
to know I follow:
we walk together only where
no doubt makes space of time.

Who is this darkening the doorway?
He has turned and frowned.
This was of life, not death which knows
no doubt.
And I return to death once more.

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Children's Music Not for Children

By JAN HOLCMAN

CHRISTMAS is a time for children, joy, and music. Several recent piano releases which will coincide with the gift season have children's themes—and the added interest of being performed by the composer. Thus, for example, Dohnanyi plays his "Variations on a Nursery Tune" and Kabalevsky his pieces for little performers. And there are also Schumann's reminiscences from childhood and Debussy's ever-popular "Children's Corner Suite."

The LP musical literature for a child touches on a fragile problem indeed. These renditions reach fledgling ears which are not sophisticated enough to absorb the good and reject the bad. Therefore any "easy selections," which form early musical habits, should be recorded with utmost care. Not every pianist seems to recognize this necessity, perhaps because he could play some of the pieces with one hand. A most unfortunate example in this area was provided a year ago by a prizewinning pianist, Pressler, who recorded Tchaikovsky's "Album for the Young." The "Sick Dolly" took another turn for the worse when he misread her straight through in 3/4 time instead of the 2/4 indicated in the score. The new Monitor release, in which Jakov Zak performs children's music by Debussy and Schumann, and Kabalevsky his own works, offers more (Monitor MC 2039, $4.98).

More imposing as performer than interpreter, Zak has given us a flattering example of his pianism in the Schumann "Scenes of Childhood." He approaches scene No. 5 with a broad, singing tone, his consistent rhythm puts a massive frame on No. 6 and No. 9, while his dynamic technique illuminates No. 3. Yet his Schumann arouses certain questions, especially in the company of Gieseking's long-established rendition, which is noted for its classical moderation and clear vision. Thus, in No. 1 or 13, Zak's cantilena becomes a bit too active for the poetic contemplation proper to these pages. To sing more sonorously does not always mean to sing more beautifully—a lesson Gieseking learned at the beginning of his career. He also learned at the same time that an excessive production of piano tone may lead to overproduction of pedaling—a musical reef not always navigated successfully by Zak. Even in quiet No. 12, "Child Falling Asleep," Zak's acoustical echos occasionally resound longer than necessary. In addition, he plays this piece rather fast, as most pianists do. Gieseking performs it more slowly and soothingly—and if his version should lull a child to sleep, an adult listener would hear too much for napping. Gieseking, renowned for his artistic pedaling, never used it as a substitute for a fatiguing finger legato, and his exceptional tonal transparency as well as controlled powers of emphasis and emotional punctuation added a certain classical touch to his stylistic renditions. After listening to scenes like No. 8 it becomes obvious that Zak still cannot quite match the German musician in this sphere. It is probably fair to say, in fact, from a critical comparison of several versions, that Zak is more impressed by the Horowitz reading than by Gieseking's—so it appears from scene No. 3, where Zak makes that "unlisted" caesura just before the last chord.

Debussy would have little to complain about the hi-fi fate of his "Children's Corner Suite," available in such expert readings as Gieseking's, Firkusny's, Casadesus's, and now, on this disc, by Zak. While this new version of six contrasting pieces combines a series of fascinating interpretative facets, once again we must acknowledge that stylistically, artistically, and in some respects even pianistically, Gieseking's rendition remains in a class by itself. No sincere pianist can begrudge the praise due Gieseking's masterful tonal achievements, his color and balance, tact and charm. Against this kind of competition it is difficult for Zak to make his own special mark. The exception is the fourth piece, where he produces some unique sound effects which differ from Gieseking's, whose selective "touches" and pedals are used here with a distinct economy. The last number, "Golliwog's Cake Walk," inscribed *allegro giusto,* at times adds up to an *allegro Cossacka* (pronounced ko-Zak-a). If you like Debussy à la Russe, there is always Rachmaninoff (also on LP); otherwise, the perfectly proportioned Gieseking.

This same disc concludes with Kabalevsky's readings of his own Six Pieces plus the Sonatina, for children. The composer is a skilful pianist with concrete ideas, solid sound, and an unfailing sense of rhythm. These qualities alone would make his versions authoritative even if they had not come directly from their creator. Of course, this does not mean that other musicians cannot play them another way, and reveal new meanings in them. The composer probably would be the last to protest such interpretative flexibility. When Van Cliburn won in Moscow, Kabalevsky heard nine of the contestants playing his new Rondo in nine different ways—and he was pleasantly surprised to discover that his work retained its personality under such diversified treatment. Many great composers of the past might have shared this feeling after a similar experience. It is less certain, however, that our contemporary slavish devotion to the printed suggestions of classic texts does as much justice to the composer as we would like to think.

Another composer-pianist heard in his own works for piano and orchestra is the veteran Hungarian musician, Ernst von Dohnanyi, who recently rerecorded his "Variations on a Nursery Tune" (Angel S 35538, $5.98; with Second Concerto). One can admire in Dohnanyi an intelligent artist whose expressive phrasing confirms his general reputation as a performer. One can also respect his version as a contemporary (but a temporary) document of an eighty-year-old composer still capable of revealing his original intentions at the instrument. But hardly more. If there are listeners who care about this music at the present time, they may be in short supply after another half-century. How many listeners are there nowadays for the once-celebrated composer-pianist Pugno? (For those who have a historical interest, he can still be heard playing his own work on a fifty-year-old record.) Of course, from the vantage point of a half-millenium, Dohnanyi and Pugno will be in the *same* epoch just as we think of any two minor philosophers, say Protagoras and Chrysippus, as living at the same time. Whatever the implication of all this, Dohnanyi is not an innovator and he does not leave a lasting impression. And neither was he ever a flawless virtuoso. Some collectors still possess a scarce old version of his Capriccio in F minor, which presented obvious pianistic problems even to the composer himself. Not so, however, to Godowsky, Rachmaninoff, Horowitz, or Flier—all technically better predisposed to cope with this difficult encore.

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Recordings Reports: Folk Music

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
"Songs of Robert Burns": Ewan MacColl. "Green Grow the Rashes, O," "I Maun Hae a Wife," "Galloway Tam" "There's Cold Kail in Aberdeen," "A Braw Wooer," "Rattlin, Roarin Willie," "Tibbie Dunbar," "The Deil's Awa Wi' Th' Exisemen," "Is There for Honest Poverty," "Jumpin John," "What Can a Young Lassie Do Wi' An Auld Man?" twelve others. Folkways FW 8758, $5.95.	The wonderful ballads of Robert Burns, in turn romantic, bawdy, satiric, and sentimental, are among the treasures of Scottish folklore, and in Ewan MacColl—actor, playwright and folksinger—they have an ideal interpreter. Like the poet himself, MacColl grew up in the singing tradition of Scotland, and he brings to these delightful songs a rare and winning blend of compassion, simplicity, and earthy humor. More than a score are included here, of which the best known are Burns's classic tribute to the fair ladies, "Green Grow the Rashes, O" and his powerful affirmation of faith in the common man, "Is There for Honest Poverty." By and large, though, the collection veers away from the more popular verses, traveling instead the less frequented but no less rewarding paths of Burns's creative output. Folkways has included informative notes by Ralph Knight, complete texts, and even a glossary of some of the peskier Scottish phrases, but fails to identify the excellent guitar and banjo accompanist (Peggy Seeger, perhaps?).
"Moscow After Dark": Yulya. "The Roads of War," "Oh, Andy," "The Steppe," "Caravan," "The Moon Is Out," "Storm Clouds," "Sleigh Bells," "Magic," "The Garden Gate," "Farewell, My Beloved City," "Forgotten Rendezvous," "Farewell, My Gypsies." Kapp KL-1158, $3.98.	Yulya, a Soviet-born singer who now lives in New York, makes her recording debut with this highly agreeable program of Russian gypsy, folk, and popular ballads. This is, basically, cafe music—but cafe music of a high order, since Yulya sings with spirit, understanding, and obvious love for this very special genre of song. Handicapped by excessively close miking which often makes her voice sound unnaturally hoarse, Yulya nonetheless impresses as a proficient and sometimes genuinely exciting performer. Of the material included here, a rollicking ballad about "Andryusha" and the lyrical "Caravan" are outstanding.
"Gods and Demons of Bolivia": Pepa Cadona and Tito Yupanqui, assisted by Eduardo Flores. "Señor Intendente," "Vicuñita," "Thaya," "Cuando me Vaya," "Aires de mi Tierra," "Aires del Altiplano," "Para Que," "Italaqueñita, "Misterios del Corazon," "En mis Sueños," "Puka Panqui," "Luna Llena," "Pilcomayo," four others. Vanguard VRS-9054, $4.98.	A popular singing duo from Bolivia—Pepa Cadona and Tito Yupanqui—present an off-beat and thoroughly engrossing panorama of their native music. Containing an ever-changing kaleidoscope of colors, moods, and rhythmic forms, the disc is at once ethnically fascinating and musically entertaining (although Yupanqui's quavering, highly exaggerated vocal style is something of an acquired taste). Much of the interest in this unusual album centers about the exotic array of folk instruments, for in addition to the guitar and its tiny brother, the "charango," we hear the sweet tones of the "kena" flute, the thumping of the "bombos" and "huankaras" drums, and the breathy, reed-like sounds of the four-foot-long "zampoña" pipes. The two featured soloists are ably assisted in several pieces by a fine instrumentalist, Eduardo Flores.
"Ballads with Guitar": Burl Ives. "Two Maidens Went Milking," "Wanderin'," "Croodin Doo," "Go Way from My Window," "Irish Rover," "The Pirate Song," "Lily Munro," "Ladies' Man," "Pueblo Girl," "How Could You Use a Poor Maiden So," "Henry Martin," "Boy Willie," "Turkish Revery," "Hypochondriac Song." United Artists UAL 3060, $3.98.	The Wayfaring Stranger is back again, and in fine form. The popularized arrangements and unnecessary "effects" which have plagued not a few of his recent recordings have entirely vanished, and Ives proves again that when he chooses he can be one of the country's most persuasive balladeers. His program here is a pleasing melange of familiar and lesser-known songs (of which "Ladies' Man," "Croodin Doo," and "Two Maidens Went Milking" are especially attractive), and his singing throughout is intimate and straightforward. If there is any fault to be found, it is in a certain slowness of pace (there are virtually no fast songs in the entire album) which demands of the listener more sustained attention than is customary with an Ives recital. In view of the sensitive performances, however, this added effort would seem well worth the making.
"Campfire Songs": The Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus, conducted by Eduardo Caso. "Colorado Trail," "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," "Blue Prairie," "The Old Chisholm Trail," "Lonesome Cowboy," "The Streets of Laredo," "Cool Water," five others. Capitol T 1271. $3.98.	The Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus, founded over twenty years ago by its present mentor, Eduardo Caso, ranks with the foremost groups of its kind in the country. In their debut recording for Capitol, they are heard in clever and generally tasteful settings of a dozen cowboy ballads, with the boys' pure voices adding a charmingly piquant flavor to the familiar tunes. As is so often the case with children's choirs, there is a certain slackening of interest, once the novelty of the special vocal timbre wears off, but the fellows sing with sufficient verve and musicality to keep the songs loping along at an agreeable pace.
"Christmas Songs from the Old World": Soloists and Orchestra conducted by Robert Cornman. "Noel Nouvelet," "Sancta Maria," "Chiquirriquitin," "Sunny Bank," "Khanta Zagun Guziek," "C'est la Noel," "Boar's Head Carol," "El Desembre Congelat," "Mennyböl az Angyal," "Joseph, Lieber Joseph Mein," "Ralligrativi, Pasturi," etc. Monitor, MF 323. $4.98.	To put it as simply as possible, this is one of the most enchanting albums—Christmas or otherwise—that I have heard in some time. Here is a veritable treasury of unhackneyed song (of the twenty-five carols, only a half-dozen or so are at all familiar), wrapped in sensitive and freshly original settings by Arne Dorumsgaard. The seven soloists are concert-trained, and their fine voices and artistic finesse are happily matched by performances of tasteful simplicity and charm. Surprisingly, only their last names are given on the disc: Ford, Ogeas (François?), Retchitzka, Santalla, Valli, Vessieres (André?), and the aforementioned Dorumsgaard. In any event, they all deserve a resounding "bravo" for this captivating disc. Let us hope the word "Christmas" in the album title will not relegate it to the heap of strictly seasonal records.
"Bravo Bikel": Thedore Bikel. "Proschay," "Buffalo Boy," "Doce Cascabeles," "Mul Har Sinai," "Two Brothers," "Mot'l," "Le Caissier," "The Barnyards O' Delgatty," "Digging the Weans," "Coplas," "Sano Duso," "Chemdati," "Nitchevo, Nitchevo, Nitchevo," "Kretchma." Elektra EKL 175, $4.98.	The multi-talented Theodore Bikel demonstrates his singing, acting, and just plain fun-making abilities in this entertaining release, recorded last season at two of the artist's Town Hall concerts. Not surprisingly, the keynote is variety, with Bikel shuttling happily between a raucous Mexican courting ditty, a spurious Russian gypsy ballad, and an Israeli Army song, to mention only three of the entries here. Spicing his performances with numerous comments, asides, and even some hi-jinks on the harmonica, he also gives a superbly comical reading of Robert Nathan's satirical monolog "Digging the Weans." Withal, the album falls short of being entirely successful.
"Alan Lomax Presents Folk Song Festival at Carnegie Hall": Jimmy Driftwood, Memphis Slim, Muddy Waters, and The Stoney Mountain Boys. "Down in Rackensack," "The Unfortunate Man," "Fire on the Mountain," "Mule Skinner Blues," "Rolling in My Sweet Baby's Arms," "Boogie Woogie Memphis," "The Saddest Blues," "How Long," "Hoochie Coochie Man," "Goin' Down," "Sal's Got a Sugar Lip." United Artists UAL 3050. $3.98.	Recorded "live" at Carnegie Hall last spring, this disc offers an interesting sampling of a folk festival organized and introduced by Alan Lomax. The exciting Blue Grass music (which Lomax once characterized as "a sort of Southern Mountain Dixieland") is presented by the Stoney Mountain Boys, who cut loose with driving rhythms, soaring harmonies, and a whirlwind display of instrumental virtuosity. The interplay between jazz and folk music is emphasized in the two ballads from the Deep South, shouted by a raspy-voiced but intense blues singer named Muddy Waters. The colorful piano stylings of Memphis Slim are also almost entirely in the jazz sphere. Of all the performers, Jimmy Driftwood most easily transcends regional barriers: even though his songs are drawn from the folk tradition of the Ozarks, his homespun humor and warmly unaffected singing (not to mention his delightful playing of a strange folk instrument known as the "picking bow") are universal rather than local in appeal. On the whole, the album is an important addition to the recorded catalog of Americana, but its markedly regional flavors are obviously not for every taste. —ROBERT SHERMAN.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Janacek from Prague

NO CONTRAST could be greater than between London's new "Aïda" (which will be reviewed upon its forthcoming American release) and the month's other important operatic issue, Supraphon's two-disc, monophonic set of Janácek's "Katya Kabanova." Although in no sense a chamber opera, for it requires a fair-sized cast, a chorus, and a full orchestra, "Katya"—based on a famous Russian play, Ostrovsky's "The Storm," from which the composer fashioned his own libretto—is a work of the most poignant intimacy, an almost claustrophobic study in human relationships in which there is no place for conventional grand-operatic gestures or, indeed, anything that smacks of the "exotic and irrational entertainment." "Katya Kabanova" has been familiar to London opera-goers since Sadler's Wells produced it in 1951; it has been revived once again during the current season and may well establish itself as one of this century's most compelling operatic masterpieces. That it has been able to create so profound an impression in an English translation is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that Janácek's vocal writing draws its inspiration from the dialect and folk music of his native Moravia; it is only when we hear a Czech performance that we can fully appreciate the earthy yet subtle flavor of his declamation, the beautiful economy of the orchestral writing and the compassionate sympathy with which he depicts for us the plight of his tragic heroine.

The admirable Supraphon recording presents a skilful and sensitive performance by the company of the Prague National Theatre, finely conducted by Jaroslav Krombholc (who, during the past few weeks, has appeared at Covent Garden for the first time, directing "Boris Godunov"). The excellent cast is led by Drahomíra Tikalová, a sturdy yet touching Katya; opposite her we have that distinguished Czech tenor, Beno Blachut, as the sympathetic but weak Boris. One can only hope that this set will reach the widest possible public.

DGG's current major contribution to the stereo orchestral repertoire is a winner all the way. Karajan's performance, with the Berlin Philharmonic, of Strauss's "Heldenleben" is a gorgeous effort which suggests that this score is far closer to his heart than "Zarathustra" (it's in any case a much better work), and the recording is the finest yet heard from DGG. It seems a pity, though, that in common with other recent DGG issues this disc should have attached to it the confusing tag "Stereo Compatible." On being pressed as to what they meant by this, DGG's London branch explained that the discs could be played on mono equipment so long as a stereo pick-up was used! Since every stereo disc I have encountered can be reproduced satisfactorily in this manner, such a claim would appear meaningless and may indeed mislead the unwary collector into playing it with a normal mono pick-up, some of which will undoubtedly damage a stereo recording.

RCA's slender recent list includes Shostakovich's First Symphony which, along with some of the ballet music from "The Age of Gold," is played by the London Symphony under Martinon, Ravel's G major Concerto coupled with d'Indy's "French Mountain Air" Symphony (Mme. Henriot-Schweitzer with Munch and the Boston Symphony), as well as that do-it-yourself curio entitled "Music for Frustrated Conductors." This record strikes me as the quintessence of silliness, not because there are no "frustrated conductors" (there are, and their number is legion!) but because the catalogue is already packed with discs far better suited to their particular requirements. Who wants to conduct the "Mexican Hat Dance" or "Liebesfreud" in special arrangements by Morton Gould, when he can exercise his "talents" on the "Eroica," the "Meistersinger" Prelude or—heaven forbid!—"Le Sacre du Printemps"?

THE December lists otherwise present a comparatively barren aspect; nowadays November is the month for releases directed at the festive season if only because manufacturers have learnt to mistrust their own release dates and thus prefer a wider "margin of error." Thus Columbia's list is largely confined to a new version of Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast," together with his Partita for Orchestra, both conducted by the composer; HMV offers another all-star performance of a G & S favorite, "Iolanthe," directed by one-time Savoyard Sargent, as well as the stereo version of Gounod's "Faust" in the re-make of the de los Angeles/Christoff/Gedda/Cluytens performance.

Decca has taken the mono LP price war, about which I wrote last month, a stage further by announcing a disc of truly sensational value: a brand-new recording of Beethoven's Ninth by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande, with distinguished soloists (Sutherland, Procter, Dermota, van Mill), complete for 21 shillings (incl. tax) in the Ace of Clubs series! To think that before the war, when our currency enjoyed three times its present purchasing power and when purchase tax was unknown, we paid 48 shillings for the privilege of hearing the same work chopped up into four-minute segments!

ANOTHER Decca release reflects the tension that has been building up as we approach the fateful day in 1961 when W. S. Gilbert will have been dead for half a century and the Savoy Operas shall be free from copyright restrictions. For some time now HMV has been able to record the operas without D'Oyly Carte tutelage, so long as every word of the spoken dialogue was rigidly excluded. Thus, in the new Decca recording of "HMS Pinafore," the D'Oyly Carte Company plays its last trump card by including the dialogue for the first time.

Still another Victorian classic whose hold over succeeding generations shows no sign of diminishing is Lewis Carroll, and it is good news for all that Argo has followed up last winter's splendid stereo recording of "Alice in Wonderland" with an equally skilful adaptation of "Through the Looking Glass." The cast is virtually the same as before, with Margaretta Scott as narrator and Jane Asher's convincing and unaffected Alice supported by a brilliant array of radio actors (see page 40). Here, surely, we have an ideal Christmas gift for a stereophonic household (the mono version is excellent, too) and in the same category I would place another disc, produced by Delyse. This issue also conjures up an aura of nineteenth-century domesticity, for it contains an attractive selection of traditional British songs—most of them from north of the border—in the arrangements which the Scottish music publisher, George Thomson, commissioned from a leading foreign composer of his day: one Ludwig van Beethoven. These settings, full of characteristic touches, must have enlivened many a musical family gathering in days gone by; they involve four voices in various combinations and piano trio. The disc may encourage some listeners to acquire the music in order to try their own skill on a few of the settings.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Faust" with a Flair—Jazz with the Philharmonic

THE difference between an old grand opera and a grand old opera was the subject of an interesting demonstration at the Metropolitan's first performance of "Faust" after a year's interval. Four or five fine voices, a conductor who knows the style, and sufficient working time together to make everybody aware of what the other is going to do—this may be by no means an infallible formula, but it worked this time, to the greater glory of Gounod's indestructible centenarian (as of March 19, 1959) and the evident pleasure of a large audience.

With Jussi Bjoerling as Faust, Cesare Siepi as Mephistopheles, and Robert Merrill as Valentin, this performance offered as substantial a male trio as has been heard in a couple of decades anyway. To speak of an autumnal glow in Bjoerling's tones may be straining for an analogy: but there is, in progress, a "turning" from the silver of old to a kind of russet today which makes for a ripe aural experience. His appreciation of what to do with it, and how, made his impersonation of the philosopher-alchemist having his first fling for the second time a real sample of operatic artistry. Even the skill with which he rescued the top B in a magnificently sung "Salut' demeure" when it threatened to get away from him spoke its testimonal to his present status.

Proper note should be taken too of Siepi's steady improvement as Mephistopheles, against a weight of voice and a heaviness of person not originally in the role's favor. In this latest venture he showed a considerable appreciation in vocal refinement, a studied improvement in bearing, and gait much to his artistic credit. It is now well within his grasp to be the best Mephistopheles since Pinza, since the tails and top hat of this scenic conception become his tallness as he does them, a fortunate instance of clothes making the anti-man, and vice versa. Merrill's continuously more-booming tones made him a proper voice for the soldierly Valentin's music, as Mildred Miller's nicely turned phrases did for the sometimes vacuous role of Siebel. Roald Reitan made a remarkable impression in the small part of Wagner.

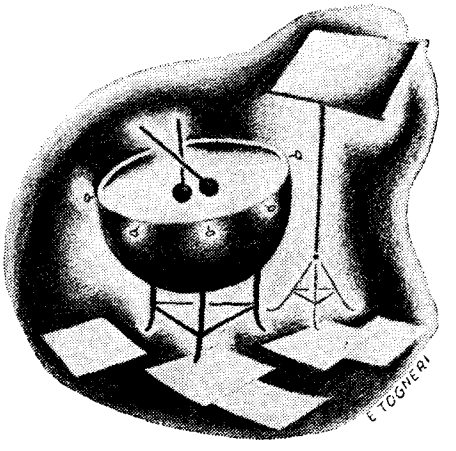
But even the choicest blend of unguents can have a fly, and the foreign body in this *crême de la crême* was Elisabeth Soederstroem's. Everything about this Swedish soprano predisposed one to her Marguerite: everything, almost, about it disposed one against her. From the first, she presented a disappointingly ordinary appearance. It is well enough to portray Marguerite as a naïve peasant girl: but she should be a sufficiently alluring *girl*, peasant or otherwise, to warrant Faust bartering his soul for her. This drab projection made the bargain senseless from the start.

Vocally, Miss Soederstroem showed the same intelligence that made her Susanna in "Figaro" appealing, but too little of the sparkle, grace, or color to become the Jewel Song. Her whitish color might be acceptable in the later aspects of the part, but it was heavy and disaffecting for the Garden Scene. As one Swede to another, Bjoerling did his best to carry her but it was asking a bit too much for one (broad) back to bear the strain for two. In some surroundings, Miss Soederstroem's Marguerite might have seemed modestly promising: in these, she was overshadowed, outclassed.

The present staging and lighting of the Gerard-designed production is perhaps the best it has yet had (the Garden Scene is still an eyesore, the absence of the house to which Faust addresses his famous apostrophe an absurdity), for which Nathaniel Merrill may be commended. But at its best, the scenic conception remains too, too Teutonic. Of course the locale is Germany: but the atmosphere and musical aroma of the work are so incomparably French that any other strong emphasis has to be an intrusion. Jean Morel fought a valiant battle, as chief in charge of aural affairs, to offset the intrusions of the visual.

Christa Ludwig's debut as Cherubino in a "Nozze di Figaro" of the same week found her enmeshed in some difficulties not of her own making. A thoroughly professional singer, with a charming mezzo voice, she brought along a Vienniesie Cherubino (more flourishes and graces than practised elsewhere) which might have insinuated itself successfully into the Ritchard staging scheme were she not surrounded by two other principals similarly absorbed: Giorgio Tozzi as Figaro and Lucine Amara as the Countess. Considering the kind of swift interchange that underlies this conception, it is asking rather too much of any performers to supplant three members of a juggling act at one time. The effects on the previously admirable musical ensemble directed by Erich Leinsdorf were all too evident. It appeared that some of the farcical extremes of the Ritchard staging had been amended, to the gain of the whole.

Along with singing Gounod and Mozart this week, Miss Soederstroem also exhibited her artistry in music of Luigi Dallapiccola. Lest it be surmised that the Metropolitan has been keeping its contemporary sympathies a secret, it should be added that this occurred in a concert at the New School, in which the composer participated. She went as far as anyone could to make his "Anacreon" and "Goethe" lieder intelligible, but her vocal strength and artistic intelligence were of a higher order than the creative impulse exposed. Gaspar Cassado was cello soloist in the unaccompanied "Chaconne, Intermezzo and Adagio."



The Regents' Professor of Music and artist-in-residence at the University of California in Los Angeles made his first appearance here in nearly four years at a "Human Rights" day concert at the U.N. and played the Beethoven Violin Concerto like a Heifetz. This was hardly surprising, for it was Professor Jascha Heifetz in company with Paul Paray and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra who ennobled the occasion. It was reassuring to hear his mastery in its legendary estate, unimpaired by a recent leg accident which caused him to lean on a cane as he entered and left the stage. Like a spirited horse eager to be off and running, his first entrance was almost too quick from the mark, the first movement taken at a racing pace for much of its length. Heifetz eventually settled into his stride (doubtless affected by the overbright acoustics of the Council chamber) in the measures of his own cadenza, and there was all the repose one could ask in the larghetto, a sparkling spirit of playfulness in the finale. The cadenzas for the other movements were equal in pith and construction to the first. The orchestra and conductor made their own worthwhile contribution to the farflung broadcast with vigorous performances of Schumann's symphony

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No. 4 and shorter works of Rimsky and Durufflé.

Ideally, any symphony orchestra program should build through substance and contrast to some kind of qualitative climax. Leonard Bernstein's third exposé of the concerto built quantitatively in volume from Bach to Brubeck—comprehending a sheepish cliché in wolf-like garb—while descending in musical quality through the E flat duo-piano concerto of Mozart (played with brisk efficiency by Gold and Fizdale) and a viola concerto of Robert Starer to the "Duologues for Jazz Orchestra and Combo" by Howard Brubeck. His brother, the piano-playing Dave, was joined by Paul Desmond (alto saxophone), Joe Morello (drums), and Eugene Wright, bass.

Whatever its transitory impact (and a minute-long drum break at the end, with the orchestra climbing a brass ladder via an "I Got Rhythm" kind of riff, assured it of some), the work of Brubeck sounded less composed than assembled. Professedly the jazz performers were "improvising" against the written-out performances of the orchestra, but the results could hardly have sounded more calculated. Howard Brubeck's composition never satisfactorily answered the basic question: what is being done with an orchestra of eighty that couldn't be done without it? The old problem of integrating the rough jazz sound with the cultivated sound of the symphony orchestra which eluded Rolf Lieberman was as slippery to the grasp of Brubeck. Too frequently the gravitation was to a kind of smeary "symphonic jazz" string sound in the background, against which the combo "noodled" unappetizingly. As a by-the-by, it may be noted that the true jazz devotees consider Brubeck virtually a longhair, so the experiment—had it worked—would have proven little. As it didn't, it proved nothing.

In the midst of the noise, the quieter appeal of Starer's viola concerto was somewhat deflated. His scoring is for strings and percussion—a rather curiously unconventional combination. If a composer chose to omit an element on behalf of the solo viola, one would think it would be something competitive to its none too strong sound, rather than the non-competitive reeds. The rhythmic iteration and percussive interjections of the writing struck me as somewhat mannered (thinking back to the "Prelude and Rondo giocoso" introduced by Mitropoulos in 1956), but Starer's sense of musical continuity and his bent for tonal expression remain unusual. William Lincer, first viola of the orchestra, sang out the news as powerfully as the work permitted, also marking its rhythmic interjections incisively.

—Irving Kolodin.

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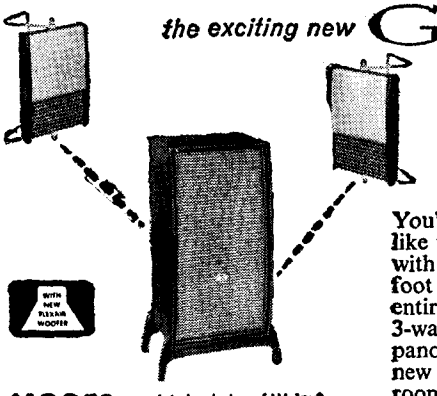

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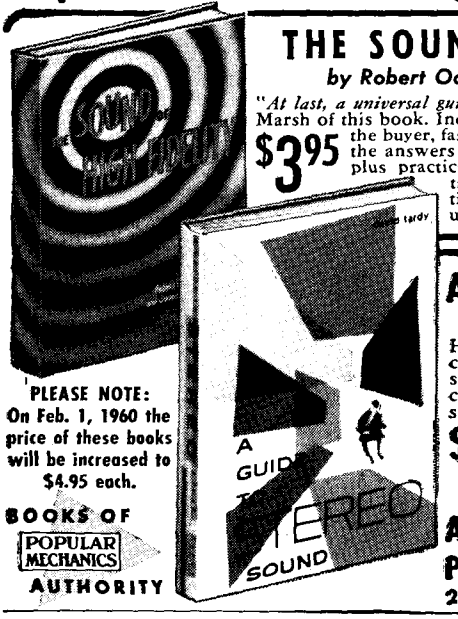

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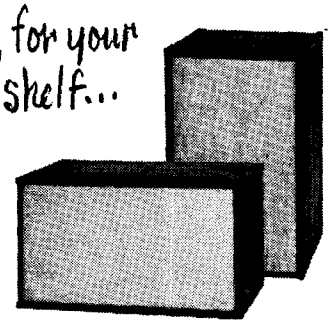

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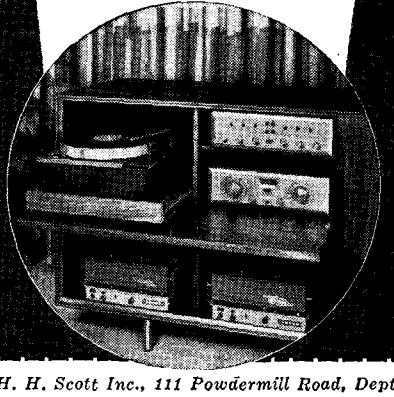

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TOCH: *String Quartet, Op. 70, performed by the Zürich String Quartet (Neues Zürcher Streichquartett); String Trio, Op. 63, performed by the Vienna String Trio.* Contemporary Composers Series S 8005 (Stereo), $5.98.

Albert Goldberg of the Los Angeles *Times,* who provides the background information accompanying this record, observes that back in about 1927 or 1928 he remembers hearing what was considered extremely advanced music which made a powerful impression. The work was a Piano Concerto by Ernst Toch as played by Elly Ney with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The work was then taken up by Gieseking and made an impressive stir in Europe. Later still, as learned by Jesús María Sanromá, it wiggled the toqued heads of dowager-prone Boston. Toch was a force. He was to be conjured with. As we hear Toch's music thirty years later, we can appreciate its splendid quality and craftsmanship and wonder somewhat why his recognition has not been greater throughout these years. But his chamber music hardly sounds radical to us now.

Toch's String Quartet is divided into four movements: Calmly and evenly flowing, utmost tenderness and intimacy; Adagio; Pensive serenade; Vigorous. The opening is provocative. Over an ostinato-type bass a melancholy melody establishes itself. It is by nature both tender and intimate. Its unfolding and combining is absorbingly accomplished. To say "masterful" is not to exaggerate: to me it seems broader in scope than the four players of the quartet convey. The most attractive movement of the quartet is the "Pensive serenade," which assumes the function or position of the Scherzo or minuet-like movement in the Schubertian form. The vigorous conclusion, I am sorry to say, seems undistinguished. The performance tends to be wiry. The recording of this work took place in Zürich, Switzerland, on May 11 and 16, and on June 6, 1958, under the supervision of the composer. Authoritative we presume it is, as should be the Trio recording which was done a few months later (September 18 and 19, 1958) in Vienna.

The Trio dates from 1936. It is a dramatic work, one that might be amplified into a piece for full symphony orchestra. Its urgency is as compelling as a Hitchcock drama. The Adagio is an imaginative projection into other-worldly states. The concluding Allegro places its feet so thoroughly earthward that it is literally mudbound. Like the concluding movement of the quartet, it is a piece of craftsmanship with a meteoric propulsion, yet somehow lacking the distinction of the earlier movements.

Musicians have sought for years to unify performance so that a quartet or trio "plays as one." Stereo recordings of chamber music make little sense and have a tendency to separate players rather than fuse the performers into what should be a single performing unit. Here stereo is a waste of both time and money.

SURINACH: *Concerto for Piano, Strings and Cymbals.* MARGA RICHTER: *Concerto for Piano and Violas, Cellos, and Basses. William Masselos, piano, with Carlos Surinach conducting the MGM String Orchestra.* MGM E-3547, $3.98.

Surinach was born in Barcelona and his music, whether written in Manhattan or Iberia, is Spanish to the core. It derives from the tradition established by Turina and De Falla, as well as from Spanish folk music. Hewing so closely to such established norms, he consciously limits his music and despite its charming moments, the "Concerto for Piano, Strings and Cymbals" is almost banally reiterative of his previous works. The skilful playing of William Masselos weaves little magic when recording sound is as close and dull as it is on this recording.

Wisconsin-born Marga Richter is obviously a fine and sensitive pianist, as previous recordings indicate. Here she establishes herself as a composer and one of no mean gift. She has written a solid work and draws a big sound from her limited orchestra. She is able to be crashing and not be a bore. But like many a lady composer, she attacks the problem of music (at times) in an almost masculine way. The finest moments, and there are some truly beautiful ones, are those of more gentle nature.

Marga Richter is one of the younger composers who bear watching.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

RICHTER-HAASER, AT LENGTH

I HAVE READ with much interest your review [*SR*, Nov. 28] entitled "Richter-Haaser, Miniaturist."

Just for the sake of the record, I would like to inform you that the release of this record in America was a complete surprise to Richter-Haaser, who had recorded an assortment of tapes in Europe several years ago for Philips Recording Company of Holland for the European market. It seems that Philips (Epic in this country) jumped on the bandwagon when I announced the forthcoming first tour of this artist in the USA. Actually, the record in question was preceded by the release, on the Epic label, of three Beethoven sonatas, the "Appassionata," the "Waldstein," and the "Pathétique," which recordings were also made several years ago.

Mr. Richter-Haaser severed his recording affiliation with Philips over a year ago, and his subsequent recordings will appear in this country under the Angel label. As a matter of fact, the first release, the Brahms Concerto No. 2 with von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, is already out.

KURT WEINHOLD.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For the sake of the record, the Richter-Haaser Brahms may be cut, but it is not yet "in" for review purposes.*

WALTER'S BEETHOVEN

IN HIS DISCUSSION of Bruno Walter's recordings of the Beethoven Symphonies, Robert Lawrence asks why a pick-up orchestra was used for this project, rather than an established and homogeneous one. The answer, as I understand it, is that due to his age, Dr. Walter is disinclined to travel very much away from his home in California. Columbia Records realized that if this project were to be executed at all, they would have to bring the mountain to Mohammed, so to speak, and decided that they would get better results from an orchestra made up of some of the virtuoso musicians attracted to the Hollywood area by the motion picture studios, than from any of the local established groups.

I am also very curious about Mr. Lawrence's nomination for the best performance of Beethoven's 4th Symphony of that of Serge Koussevitzky, for I am unaware that Koussevitzky ever recorded it. Is this a mistake, or is Mr. Lawrence including live concerts and broadcasts in his evaluation?

EDWIN R. KAMMIN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference, clearly, was to "performance," recorded or otherwise.*

CONCERNING STRAVINSKY'S "THRENI"

OLIVER DANIEL'S generally balanced criticism, especially in relation to the modern repertoire, is gratifying to encounter, and his most recent article on Stravinsky's "Threni" qualifies to be so entered in most respects. A few comments, however, seem to me to mar the whole, and call for a rejoinder.

I hate to be guilty of quotation out of context, but I should like to know what he means or implies by the following statements or questions:

a) "But it is not all of a piece." If he means that the thirty-three minute work lacks strong earmarks of unification throughout its course, I am afraid that Mr. Daniel should listen again to a piece which he says "bears re-hearing well." If he means that it gives a fragmentary impression, he has caught the special character of all Lamentations from the earliest settings published by Petrucci in 1506 to the present; the alternation between Hebrew acrostic and verse provides for a series of introduction and statements that is inherent in the setting of the text.

b) ". . . and one wonders whether his canons are better than canons by other composers." The implication, of course, is that they are not. I can only reply that to most people, a modern canon, where supposedly "anything goes," is not difficult to write because one has few "prescribing limits"; this I will leave unanswered, but that Stravinsky's examples are "noble or affecting" there should be small doubt to anyone who has bothered to approach this work seriously.

c) "Ignoring the odium of comparison, we might ask: is this a better setting of the Lamentations than that of Krenek? Not necessarily so; for the Krenek work has a sense of relating to the great enduring Gregorian tradition and is, though perhaps less varied, a profoundly moving work." I will agree that Krenek's setting is "profoundly moving," but does its relation to the "great enduring Gregorian tradition," which is true enough and even quite remarkable considering its dodecaphonic underlaying, prescribe this qualification? Mr. Daniel almost suggests the unreasonableness of the comparison by referring to the basically different points of approach. One could ask the same question of Charpentier's or Couperin's Baroque settings with instrumental accompaniment and with emphasis on soloist ensembles in relation to innumerable Lamentation compositions from the Renaissance—from Isaac and Tromboncino to Tallis and Morales—who laid emphasis on vocal cantus-firmus procedures. The question is an unwise one, and cannot well be answered because of the difference in intent.

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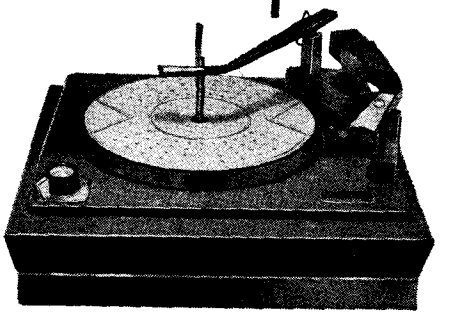

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shockingly innocent. Surely this is not a progressive work but a rather latter-day creation in a style enjoying popular favor in certain quarters. In perspective, 'Treni' will not become a landmark comparable to Stravinsky's 'Sacre' or other of his earlier works." I am sure that Stravinsky will be pleased to hear that his sounds are so "unshockingly innocent"—as truly he must want them to be—for this indeed speaks of a level of audience sophistication that he hardly dared hope for so soon (after all, the "Murder in the Cathedral" is only three years past). To be sure, for those who have digested the "Canticum Sacrum" no large jump was required for assimilation; but I am afraid that Mr. Daniel speaks for a musical elite when he refers to their easy accessibility for a general public that has plenty of catching-up to do before it will be on very familiar terms with such music. That the "Threni" is destined not to become a landmark comparable to Stravinsky's "Sacre" is a truism that proves nothing.

Just as Monteverdi is remembered more by "Orfeo" than "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," Beethoven more by the "Eroica" than by the late string quartets, this suggests only that history remembers and plays longer on first notable successes and works that paved a way for the future. It in no way should imply that such works should be remembered as superior to later and very often more mature achievements.

e) And finally: "Stravinsky must now face the perhaps unpleasant fact that on invading other territories he will stand among men who have explored such terrains for decades and more, and have seasoned their reports with time." Fortunately, Stravinsky need not fear the result of such comparisons, for he is not to be likened to a weary traveler who finds himself on a desert without a map. His course has been clearly charted and his experience with the twelve tones enormous; he is merely putting old friends to new accounts.

GLENN E. WATKINS.
Assistant Professor of Music
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, N.C.

KELLY SECONDED

MAY I ECHO the sentiments of J. M. Kelly [*SR*, Nov. 28] in that there are too many duplications of warhorses? I also hope someone will inform him that Stokowski has recorded Shostakovitch's E flat minor Prelude—with the Symphony of the Air, on United Artists UAL 7004, and it is performed and reproduced beautifully, if one cares for it.

I would also like to express my appreciation of your record coverage. Whether I agree or not, the interesting and the new are at least given their due.

LYNN E. WEISS.
Eatonville, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As a continuation of this general subject, it may be noted that Stokowski has chosen his synthesis of Wagner's "Tristan" for the additional matter of his recording for Columbia with the Philadelphia Orchestra.*

LANDOWSKA FOR CAMDEN?

THE FOLLOWING suggestion may not exactly fall under the category of "Lost Landowska" items since the album was released years ago on 78 rpm. I refer to the Victor issue of Landowska's performance of the Handel Suites Nos. 2, 5, 7, 10, and 14. Perhaps Victor can be persuaded to transfer them on the Camden label as they have done in the case of other artists. Certainly this item would be of interest; I also believe that aside from the merit of this particular peerless artist there are not many readings of these works in the catalogue, a fact which might induce them towards such a move.

PAUL ROTELLA.
New York, N.Y.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 4, 1, 8, 2, 3, 5, 6.

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THE DALLAS CONFERENCE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last spring, one of the most important religious symposiums in recent years, the World Conference on Religion and Freedom, took place in Dallas, Texas. The three-day conference was convened by the Dallas Council on World Affairs and by the Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civil Order; its object was to ascertain ways in which adherents of the major religions apply their beliefs to the social and economic problems which today grip the world. Interestingly, many of the speakers chose to state their outlooks without specific reference to their religious affiliations. Because of the importance of the event, SR publishes herewith a special section consisting of conference highlights. The individual articles are excerpted from speeches delivered to the conference, which give some sense of its tenor and substance. Readers wishing to obtain copies of this supplement or to learn more about the conference should write to the Dallas Council on World Affairs, 2419 Maple Avenue, Dallas 1, Texas.

The speakers represented in this supplement (either by articles or by boxed quotations) are U Nu, of Burma; His Royal Highness Bernhard, Prince Consort of the Netherlands; His Excellency Braj Kumar Nehru, of India; The Honorable R. S. S. Gunewardene, Ceylon; Sir Chaudri Mohammed Zafrulla Khan, Pakistan; Dr. John C. Broadhurst, Dallas University; Dr. Das Kelley Barnett, Episcopal Seminary of the Southwest; Dr. David L. Mueller, Baylor University; Dr. Robert Blum, of The Asia Foundation; Rabbi Richard E. Singer; General Alfred M. Gruenther, president of the American National Red Cross; Sadaat Hasan, of Palestine, an official of the Arab Information Office, Chicago, Ill.; and Dr. Amiya Chakravaty, of the Boston University School of Theology.

1. Democracy: Promise and Problem

"Democracy is men's inherent right, and there is no single person or community in the world that can be said to be not ready for it."

U Nu, former Prime Minister of Burma, a Buddhist leader, and patron of the Burma Council of World Affairs.

By U NU

IN THE COURSE of his long history, the genius of man has produced many ideas and he has institutionalized a great many of them. The noble ideas that man has given birth to through the ages have had a tremendous impact on his moral welfare and spiritual uplift, and there can be no doubt that today his mind is in a much more advanced stage than it was centuries ago. Moreover, the benefits flowing from these ideas now reach a far greater section of the people than ever before in history. The principal means through which this has been achieved is the institutionalization of these ideas. By this process, ideas which previously only ennobled the minds of those who held them and discussed them in learned circles now reach the common man and make a significant contribution to his welfare and mental and spiritual development. This perhaps is one of the most important achievements of man.

While thus the benefits of the noble ideas evolved by man have been enabled to reach down to the common levels, the process has also produced certain distortions which tend to nullify the benefits so conferred. The distortions arise from two principal causes. One cause is the tendency shown by some deliberately to misuse the institutions for their own end or their particular brand of ideology, which has no connection with the idea originally behind the creation of the institution. Another cause is the lack of care in planting certain institutions into a different environment, which tends to frustrate their original objectives. Herein lies the threat. And I would like to deal both with the promise held by man's institutions and the threat they offer in one particular field: Democracy.

We all know democracy's origin, and the various institutional forms that have been evolved through the ages to put it on an operational basis. Democracy is one of the purest creations of man, the first chance man has had in his long history to live up to his full dignity as a human being—the first alternative to the rule of force and despotism—the most effective deterrent to man's lust for power and to rule by the gun. Democracy has completely changed man's outlook on life; from his feudal position of dependence on a strong arm, and perpetual sycophancy, he has risen to his full stature and under democracy can at last take a share in guiding the reins of his own political destiny. Democracy creates in man a complex altogether different from that which totalitarianism both imposes and fosters—it gives him a complex full of dignity as a human being, enabling him to make his full contribution in the direction of affairs, and to refuse to be led by the nose. It is the aim of democratic institutions to

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put these ideas into actual practice—to bring them effectively within man's reach in his daily social and political life. This is the promise democracy holds for man.

But we also know of the distortions democratic institutions have suffered at the hands of man, particularly from totalitarians, and of the travails they have experienced in their working under various climes. I wish to deal in some detail with the latter aspect, for in certain conditions—particularly in my part of the world—the lack of care in adapting democratic institutions to local environment has exposed them to the danger of their intrinsic nobility being destroyed and of the very idea of democracy becoming discredited. This is the threat which the misuse of democratic institutions holds over mankind, and the threat offered by lack of adaptation becomes doubly serious because it invariably paves the way to the supplanting of democratic rule by totalitarian tyranny, on the ground that democratic principles have failed to work.

Several attempts had been made in the past to transplant parliamentary institutions into conditions which are basically different from those which prevailed in the parent country. You, in this country, have been fortunate in that you have succeeded in adapting such institutions to your own environment; your democratic institutions are essentially the same as those of England and Western Europe, but yet there are vital differences. The effectiveness with which they work in your country is a measure of your success in adaptation. In certain other parts of the world, however—particularly in the East—there has not been the same care, and consequently, not the same success, in adapting them to the local climate. I do not need to expand this point; many examples will come readily to mind. In some cases—owing to the absence of intelligent and adequate adaptation—the danger has even arisen of such institutions becoming the means of totalitarian dictatorship. And, I repeat, the principal reason is the lack of effort at adaptation. I do not accept that in cases where democracy may appear to have failed to take root, the reason is that—as given by some—the people are not ready for it. This is just not true, for democracy is men's inherent right, and there is no single person or community in the world that can be said to be not ready for it. A principal cause is the failure to adapt the institutional forms of democracy to local conditions, and this is the real threat that presents itself and which we must try to avert. Democracy, as you and we understand it, is one of the noblest ideas created by man, and there can be no compromise in its application to human society anywhere in the world. But unless we take full care at the same time to ensure that its institutional forms are fully adapted to the genius of the people amidst whom they are to operate, then we shall face the danger of its being distorted to one or another of the forms of totalitarianism.

So far as democratic institutions are concerned, this is a threat we face today and this a danger we must strive to avoid. As I have said, there can be no compromise about accepting the ideal of democracy itself, and applying it and making it work in human society throughout the world. There can be no question whatsoever of considering totalitarianism in any form either as an alternative or even as an intermediate step. And one way of ensuring that democracy will succeed is to see that its institutional forms when applied to new countries are not just a blind copy of something that works perfectly well in another climate. We must ensure—and spare no pains in doing so—that they are suited to the genius of the people amongst whom they are to operate.

2. Materialism and Man

"Where materialism and absolutism have merged there is no longer any room for freedom."

Prince Bernhard, of the Netherlands, widely known as a royal good-will ambassador.

By PRINCE BERNHARD

THE TIME HAS passed when we believed that, as we belonged to different religions, we could indulge in the questionable and harmful luxury of approaching each other on a negative basis, prepared only to criticize and to join in combat, thus stressing our differences and drifting farther apart. It has all lasted far too long, but now those days are over, never to return.

What we are trying to do here, in a spirit of truth and humility, is to find a new unity and to extend and strengthen that unity in all sincerity, without hiding our differences nor compromising in any manner that would be unacceptable to our consciences. This unity rests on the solid foundation of our common acknowledgment of the highness and glory of the Supreme Being to whom we owe our existence. It rests in Him who has created us and made us as we are, and in whom we are able to meet, recognize, respect, and love each other as children of one Father. However much we may differ in race and origin, in tradition and conceptions, God, the Supreme Being, is our central and inviolable meeting-point, while our unity is based on the fact that He is the source and instrument of our very being.

It has taken us a long time to decide that we should meet on this basis and to gather from all parts of the world for that lofty purpose.

We believe that by so assembling here we are acting in the Spirit of Him to whom we owe our existence and that we are obeying His will.

Different races and classes of men have burst their political and social fetters and found a new freedom. Widespread contacts have now been established between the peoples and races of the world's continents, involving politics, culture, and religion, besides every other phase or aspect of life, and they are accompanied by a far-reaching exchange of views, values, and resources. And every one of these meetings brings its special joy and bears its own particular promise. All this points to the fact that a new future is opening up, a future of unity,

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of enrichment and safety. And this process is taking place in complete freedom. However, a sword of Damocles is suspended above it all, a constant and ugly threat.

In sharp contrast with the growing tendency to join hands and unite, we are faced with the hard fact that iron curtains have been let down in Europe and in Asia, in consequence of which the world is now divided into two separate compartments, so watertight that any effective communication between them is virtually impossible. Over the countless possibilities and promises for the future hangs the threat of the immense movement, rooted in historical materialism, which gave birth to Communism, that fanatical and self-assured community of men who are grimly determined to achieve world revolution and hold it like a spearhead aimed at the hearts of all free peoples. This organized and systematized materialism is totalitarian. It cannot be satisfied with getting less than everything, its object being to model the whole of human life in all its different shades and hues on the Communist pattern—if need be, by brute force. It refuses to rest until the Communist mark will have been stamped on the foreheads of all peoples and every race.

Where God finds no place, man is thrown into great distress. Wherever man's whole being, his actions and thoughts, fall a prey to absolutism—wherever living man, his freedom, independence, and happiness are sacrificed on the altar of the almighty system—wherever ideology is valued higher than man—demonism is rampant in a new form.

Where God is acknowledged as God, man's dignity is certain to be acknowledged by man, by reason of his divine origin and higher destiny, and therefore also his inviolability and freedom.

On the other hand, where materialism and absolutism have merged there is no longer any room for freedom; in the totalitarian system, to have one's own views about anything means rebellion; doubts are equal to treason; independent thinking is denounced and punished as desertion or "deviationism." All this leaves nothing but the robot-man, repulsive and unworthy, cast in exactly the same mold as every one of his neighbors, whose value is only judged by the social and economic services he is able to render.

The force and energy of this onslaught of materialism are not to be underrated.

Its expansion has been astounding. Within a period of forty years one-third of mankind has fallen into its oppressive grip, and everywhere in the world today groups of individuals and even whole peoples are still coming under the spell of its fatal attraction, which any God-fearing and freedom-loving person simply fails to understand. Never before in history has any movement succeeded in making such staggering conquests in so short a time. In this respect it is quite unique.

BUT this is by no means the only thing. Materialism threatens mankind also—and perhaps in a more dangerous way—from another side. In case anyone might think that the assault of materialism is only coming from those corners of the earth where it has been elevated to a world-theory and systematized, he would be making a very grave mistake. We cannot divide the world into black and white: black on one and white on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

We are not only faced with theoretical materialism. There is also such a thing as practical or factual materialism, arising from the negation of God in everyday life. Men can also lose their souls in a free country by making an idol of matter. Zoroastrianism says: "He has gained nothing who has not gained the soul." In the history of mankind no nation or culture has ever perished only through an attack *from without*. The downfall has always been associated with *internal* corruption. I am less afraid of theoretical materialism than I am of factual materialism. Never and nowhere has any person been immune to the temptations of materialism. The temptation to give too much prominence to material goods and all things connected with them has always manifested itself very strongly in times and places of prosperity and affluence. And a voice can then be heard, striking a note of warning: "Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth," it says, "you cannot serve God and Mammon." However—the specter of materialism also haunts us when we are poor and destitute. Need and lack of material comforts are likely to confuse and oppress people, to make them desperate, and that is why the same voice then says: "Therefore do not be anxious, saying: what shall we eat? Or: what shall we drink? Or: what shall we wear?" I would not fear theoretical materialism if we were shielded and immune to factual materialism.

Our best protection against an infection, when germs assail us, is to be in good health. But—are we quite healthy enough mentally and spiritually? Or do we all carry the germ of materialism in our blood? We are in danger of losing our freedom to the concreted materialism called Communism.

A deadlier danger, however—though less conspicuous—is that we may forfeit our freedom by having the enemy in our own hearts. The materialist—whether in theory or in actual practice, and whether he is on one side of the Iron Curtain or the other—is always both a *slave* and a *tyrant*. God, however, wants all his people to be free. This is why, in Hinduism, the *slave* is told: "By knowing God, one is released from all fetters." And Israel's most ancient religious history tells us about the divine voice that, from time immemorial, has called out to every *tyrant* everywhere: "Let my people go."

It is pure hypocrisy to pretend that materialism is only to be found in Russia and in China. In *those* countries it has been brought in through the front door—but in *ours* we have allowed it to slip through the back door. Materialism degrades and dehumanizes—and the one and only radical answer to it is: religion alive. And religion alive manifests itself in the practice of life.

The best way to serve *God* is to serve one's *fellow men*. When *God* is acknowledged in truth and honesty, *man's* dignity, freedom, and independence are fully respected. All religions are in perfect harmony on this point. Confucianism says: "There is no other way of serving the gods than by spending oneself for men." Hebraism uses these words: "Who practices hospitality entertains God Himself." Hinduism professes: "Love of men leads to love of God." Mohammedanism teaches: "That man is perfect who through his perfection, though he be master, serveth as a slave." Jesus Christ has said: "And the King will answer them: truly, I say unto you, as you did it to one of the least of my brethren, you did it to me."

However much we are threatened in every aspect of our human existence, we shall have to keep from fear and hatred. We need have no *fear* because we believe in God. We can feed no *hatred* because it is our duty to love our neighbor, and also our enemy. *Psyche nikai*—the soul vanquishes. We will share in that victory if only we are true to God and so true to ourselves.

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3. The Eternal Law

B. K. Nehru, India's Commissioner General for Economic Affairs. Mr. Nehru is a Hindu.

"The seed of liberty is planted so deeply and firmly in human nature that it will flower forth in the most unexpected quarters."

By B. K. NEHRU

ONE OF THE most distinguishing features of Hinduism is that it is not a revealed religion or a religion which came into being at a particular point of time through any particular agent of God. Nor are its doctrines enshrined in any single or specific book or set of dogmas. The origins of Hindu thought are lost in the mists of antiquity, and the Hindus believe in Divine intervention in the affairs of man not just once but through a series of incarnations or manifestations of God on this earth. As the Bhagavad Gita puts it, time and again when the burden of inequity and evil on this earth becomes intolerable for good men, God or the Eternal Force manifests Himself in one form or another to reestablish the rule of the just. There is thus in Hinduism no such thing as truth revealed once and for all. Nor is there a tendency to believe that the victory over evil once achieved is secure forever. It is these concepts of the eternal nature of the struggle between good and evil and of the many and diverse forms of divine intervention on the side of good that give to Hinduism its most remarkable characteristic, namely, toleration. It is no accident that throughout its long and checkered history no wars of religious conquest or forced religious conversions have disfigured Hindu society, even at the heyday of its power. Nothing comes more naturally to a Hindu than the belief that in my Father's house there are many mansions, that Moses, or Jesus, or Mohammed is as much an incarnation of the Divine as Rama, or Krishna, or Gautama. The tolerance of the Hindus does not mean that there is no difference between the right and the wrong, that you should not, through persuasion and argument, attempt to convert others to the conception of right as you see it. But it does imply refusal to impose one's will on others by force, and a readiness to seek light from all sources and to keep the mind and heart ever open to new promptings and new truths. It implies further that nobody can have the monopoly of right and that, therefore, the manners and customs as well as the morals and modes of thought of others, however strange, deserve respect and dispassionate consideration.

The course of Indian history has shown how powerfully the idea of toleration has entered the Indian mind. Two thousand years ago there came to our shores the people of Israel, and the gold-inscribed charter they received from the Ruler of Cochin, giving them the full freedom to exercise their religion, is one of our most prized historical possessions. The Jewish community in India has flourished continuously from those distant days and nobody has ever questioned or interfered with their freedom to pursue what they consider right in their own particular way. Nineteen hundred years ago there also came to our shores the first bearers of the Christian message, and the church they founded, the Syrian Church as we call it, has prospered ever since; it is historically older than the Church of Rome. Seven hundred years later came the Zoroastrian refugees from Persia. In accordance with our basic concept of toleration, they were made welcome and have since grown into a powerful Indian community. Buddhism grew in India and then waned, so that today, while its adherents are countless in number outside the borders of India, there are few Buddhists left in India itself. But neither the growth of Buddhism abroad nor its decline in India was caused by any kind of religious persecution or political pressure. Western Christianity has flourished in India and so has Islam; and though conflict with the latter has often ensued, it has been basically political rather than religious. Even today, India is a secular state in theory and in practice.

The second great concept which Hinduism has always had is the concept of the Nishkama Karma. What is meant by this expression is that a man must perform his duty without attachment to the fruits thereof and without regard to the consequences of that duty; without hope of reward or fear of punishment from such performance. As the Bhagavad Gita has it: "Give thought to nothing but the act, never to its fruit; and let not thyself be seduced by inaction. . . . consider . . . victory and defeat as of equal worth." The ultimate results of any action are never visible but it is incumbent upon the human being to go on performing whatever tasks his Dharma enjoins upon him. This concept, as is obvious, lays more stress on duties and obligations than it does on rights and privileges, and is a concept, perhaps, of great value in the modern world. The hedonistic doctrine, which sanctions the individual pursuit of happiness, is seldom in the long run a safe or a secure guide in human affairs. And this is all the more so in modern times when the complexity of life eludes the comprehension of most men and when the assessment of all actions in terms of their consequences is often the first step towards selfishness or cynicism.

The long history of India, aided perhaps by the belief in the reincarnation of the soul, has also caused the Indian mind to think in terms of timescales which are much longer than is customary in many parts of the world. The Hindu practising Nishkama Karma and being content perhaps to wait for the results of his action for a whole series of reincarnations has the advantage of not getting overly excited or discouraged if his efforts do not produce immediate results. If your life span is practically unlimited because you are going to live on this earth again and again, you can take a much longer view of affairs than those whose interest in the world is likely to cease permanently after threescore years and ten. This difference in the time-scale against which the validity of human operation has to be judged has been a

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striking difference between the East and the West. It has led to the proverbial patience of the East; and though that patience might have been overdone and though the East is, fortunately or unfortunately, losing this quality of patience, it is a quality which, if it could be made universal, would help greatly in contributing to the solution of the problems of the world of today.

LINKED with the concept of the Nishkama Karma, of toleration and of the long view, is the importance which Hindu thought has always given to the supremacy of means over end. If you want something very much and you want it immediately, there is a natural tendency for the adoption of the quickest means to attain your objective. But if you have all eternity to wait, if you believe that the greatest merit lies in the performance of your duty rather than in seeking the results of your action and if, as part of your Dharma, you are not to override the rights and beliefs of others, you naturally tend to limit your actions to means that correspond with your conception of morality and of ethics. Indeed, once you believe that the concern of human beings is with the performance of their duty and not with the consequences of such performance, the whole dichotomy between ends and means is destroyed.

Closely allied to the doctrine of Nishkama Karma is Ahimsa, another Hindu doctrine which, for want of a better word, is often translated into English as "nonviolence." Commonly understood, this belief in nonviolence is identified with the pacifist's approach of refraining from killing; but the term Ahimsa covers a very much wider field of ideas. It preaches not so much nonviolence as such but a dispassionate attitude in the resistance to evil. Just as the doctrine of Nishkama Karma implies the performance of duty without regard to consequences, the doctrine of Ahimsa emphasizes the importance of resisting evil without hatred or bitterness towards the evildoer. As expounded in the Bhagavad Gita, the doctrine of Ahimsa certainly did not rule out the use of force—the main theme of the Gita is the exhortation to Arjuna to fight. But Hinduism does enjoin on its followers that in resisting evil they cast away all bitterness towards the evildoer, that even as they resist evil they keep the door open for rapprochement and for the innate goodness of the evildoer to assert itself. This was the spirit in which the struggle for political independence against the British was carried on under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi in recent times, and the happy consequences of the insistence on nonviolent or Ahimsatmic resistance are there for all to see—today, the British and the Indian people have the greatest of friendliness and mutual regard towards each other.

Yet another strand in the Hindu view of life is the emphasis on the two connected concepts of contemplation and self-abnegation, or withdrawal from the world of the senses. Hinduism enjoins on its followers that even as they enjoy the material comforts of this world, they must prepare for the time when they must give up everything in search of the peace of their mind and soul. Thus an ideal and full life is one which is divided into four equal stages—the first stage, of education or learning, being followed by the second, in which man assumes the duties of a householder. The third is a phase of retirement from self-regarding activities, leading finally to complete withdrawal into solitude and contemplation. All religions emphasize the superiority of the spiritual over the material; but Hinduism develops very systematically this doctrine of renunciation and contemplation.

WE who believe in the dignity and worth of individual human beings and in the liberal values of constitutional democracy cannot forsake the hope that those hundreds of millions of people on this earth who do not enjoy their share of freedom as we understand it will nevertheless come to it in as short a time as possible. But let us remember also that the ways of God are mysterious; that the seed of liberty is planted so deeply and firmly in human nature that it will flower forth in the most unexpected quarters; that the very advance of education and culture in totalitarian and colonial and dictatorial regimes can be the forerunner of real freedom. Equally, let us remember that it is far too simple and superficial an explanation of present discontents to say that they arise from the adoption of wrong philosophies. Those of us who believe in tolerance and mutual understanding, in the eternal and complex nature of the struggle between good and evil, must also inquire why for example the Communist system has spread so rapidly over large parts of the world, why it commands fanatical allegiance from millions of people, and why, at least in some respects—such as the growth of material production and scientific knowledge—it has yielded more striking results than most people considered feasible till recently. We must recognize that there are strong and universal urges which support the growth of Communist power—urges perhaps of nationalism and of rapid economic progress, of equality and of revolt against real and long-continued injustices. And if we remember further that there are still large parts of the world which are colonial and where the urges of nationalism and equality and material prosperity are strong, the need for trying to understand even that which may be repugnant to us becomes most urgent indeed.

To come to yet another, but not unconnected, major problem of the day, I think it will be readily agreed that, next to the preservation of peace, the most important challenge facing mankind at present is that of alleviating

—From "The Art of India."

Brahma, from the Haccappya-gudi, Aiholi; in the Prince of Wales Museum, Bombay.

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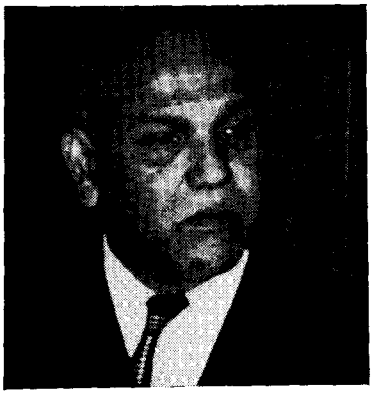
the extreme and grinding poverty of the two-thirds of humanity which inhabits Asia, Africa, and parts of Latin America. What makes this abysmal poverty, this hunger and want and malnutrition and lack of shelter among hundreds of millions of people a matter of particular concern? It is the fact that for the first time in human history we have the technical know-how and the wherewithal to put an end to this poverty. We can no longer take shelter in the thought that human life is inevitably ordained to be "nasty, brutish, and short," and that the poor must always be with us. However, the technical know-how and the means to prosperity are largely in the hands of a few nations in Europe, America, and Australasia. They are, therefore, employed to raise the levels of living of those who are already assured of the necessities and even luxuries of life rather than to assure to every human being that economic minimum which alone can guarantee the fullest development of his or her personality. Indeed, one of the tragic paradoxes of our time is that while millions of people in Asia and Africa clamor for economic progress, some countries of the world have reached that degree of affluence which breeds its own brand of dissatisfaction and malaise. It would appear that, having become rich in material comforts, men do not know what to do with their affluence. Failing to give some alternative meaning to their lives, they become listless and despondent, frittering away their energies and vitality in pursuits which make a mockery of the great effort that went into the achievement of human prosperity. Is it too far-fetched to suggest that there is a situation where a little more of the Hindu emphasis on contemplation, and on withdrawal from the material pursuits of life, can make a real contribution to human happiness? In the relations between the rich and the poor, between countries where skills and capital are plentiful and where they are not, there is, of course, a great deal of scope for the exercise of the universal virtues of love and good-neighborliness. But the sacrifices which the rich must make for the eradication of poverty and want from this world will be forthcoming all the more if the distinctive Hindu emphasis on renunciation or reduction in material needs, on the quality of living and thinking as distinguished from the scale and range of sensuous gratification, gains larger currency. Indeed, even among the poverty-stricken masses of Asia and Africa which are struggling hard to improve their economic lot, a healthy disregard of mere material achievements is the strongest safeguard that exists today against the adoption of dangerous and questionable shortcuts which might pervert the very ends that material prosperity is intended to serve.

THESE, then, are some of the areas in which the distinctive values or attitudes of the Sanatan Dharma—or the Eternal Law as the Hindus understand it—can be brought to bear on the problems that grip mankind today. Patience without paralysis of will or effort, unswerving devotion to duty and adherence to right means without regard to reward or consequence, resistance to evil without bitterness or hatred, contemplation and renunciation in the fulness of time, without eschewing altogether the obligations of this world—these are the ingredients that make for the right balance—the equilibrium that is so necessary—in this complex world, where the struggle between right and wrong is as relentless as it is unending.

4. Buddhism Is Awareness

"It will be to the detriment of the world if you are all conformists. You should conform only to that which you think is best."



R. S. S. Gunewardene, Ceylon's Ambassador to the United States, who here presents a Buddhist's view.

By R. S. S. GUNEWARDENE

WE ARE NOW at an important stage in the history of civilization. More than ever it has become necessary to create better understanding amongst the nations of the world. I cannot conceive any method by which this understanding can be achieved, except through a knowledge of the religious beliefs that the various people of the world adhere to. Space and time have been conquered. It is indeed a little world we live in. It becomes, therefore, more important that we should know our neighbors. The whole world is our neighborhood. Time was when we were able to confine ourselves to our little community. Today, the whole world must be looked upon as one family.

It is not only desirable that there should be human understanding; it is, in fact, a sharp necessity. The cold-war campaign that has been in existence for ten years has certainly failed in its objective. Speaking as a Buddhist, it is not profitable to say that it is bound to fail, because any campaign based on mistrust, suspicion, ill-will, and want of understanding of the other man's point of view is bound to fail.

If a cold war has failed, what then? Is it going to be a hot war? Hot war is well-nigh impossible. As Winston Churchill put it to an American audience at a press conference in Washington just three years ago. "Yes, we may have a victory, but on what? On the ashes of the world!"

It is now generally agreed that hot war is not the answer unless we want the end of civilization and all that it means. The world, I am sure, is a wonderful place to live in. And life is worth living. None of us want to end our existence in that manner. You of this great country would like to enjoy the good things that you are the proud possessors of. We, in our small countries, want a chance to develop to a high stature. Everybody wants peace. World peace is a fine thing, but there must be means of arriving at this peace. If a cold war has failed, if a hot war is impossible, what then is left to us —except human understanding?

We have to face an issue. We live in very stirring times and it is an an exciting experience. It is a challenge to our intelligence, it is a challenge to our statesmanship, and it is a challenge to our goodwill. In this great task, we

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necessarily have to find some consolation, some comfort, some support in the sense of spiritual values that we all believe in.

It is my humble opinion that there is no war between religion and religion. Religion points the way, places before you a norm that is a guide for your daily life and existence. It places before you the highest ideal. So all religions aim at essential goodness. . . . There should not be war between religion and religion . . . the conflict is between religion and irreligion. The theorists say the world is being engulfed by materialism and all that it implies. Therefore, all men and women of goodwill, all who have a sense of spiritual values, must unite for the common cause, the preservation of peace and the preservation of mankind.

It is in this context that I should like to speak as a Buddhist. So far as I'm concerned, Buddhism presents no obstacles to the understanding of other points of view. The Buddha himself, the enlightened one, said this: "I claim to have seen the light. I see things in their reality. But do not please accept my teaching because I say so. Do not accept it . . . unless it is in accord with your own reasoning."

The final judgment, the moral responsibility, lies entirely with man himself. The standpoint of Buddhism is that man himself is ultimately responsible for his actions.

We believe in the universal law of cause and effect, of action and reaction. "Just as you sow, you reap." We believe life is a flow, a continuous flow. Millions of lives have been gone through and millions of lives, perhaps, are yet to be gone through. In that context we cannot, therefore, have ill-will. One never knows whether I have been myself in America in the good old days, sometime in one of my previous births or other. Therefore, we cannot look upon anybody in the world as a stranger. To us, therefore, the human family is one. We do not know where we may have been in a previous birth.

Our doctrine is based on the essential concept that suffering is the lot of all mankind. Suffering is what we have inherited from the time of birth. Suffering is a difficult word to interpret into English and to explain. It means anything unpleasant, anything which is not to your liking—it may be a dislocation in your way of thinking, or your way of acting, or your way of living. We aren't mere disparate creatures trying to cross an ocean of some size. We are bound to each other by one common bond—suffering. Therefore, as a Buddhist, I feel it is a bond and a duty for each one of us to make some contribution toward the reduction of the sum total of suffering.

What is the cause of suffering? According to the Buddha, it is attachment to early objectives, to material things. If you do want to reduce the suffering in this world, you must aim at eliminating that very craving that binds you to earthly things.

The root cause of all evil is Lobha—that is, desire—that breeds ignorance, ill-will, and malice. The Buddha enjoins you, therefore, to beatify yourself, to work through a system of inner beatification. First, establish peace within yourself. Then, let the peace emanate from you outwardly, so that there may be peace the world over.

The Buddhist is enjoined to perform certain duties. For instance he has got to possess wisdom, and to "practice" it. Knowledge is a most important thing. You must have an awareness of your surroundings, an awareness of the nature of life and existence, an awareness of the conditions in which you live. Be conscious of all that happens in your environment and outside. An awareness is the true significance of life itself. Inner wisdom is, therefore, a very important ingredient. A morality, an ethical code, is set out very clearly and you try to reach the highest state of deep concentration, meditation, and absorption.

But this is not an occasion when we are trying to prove the superiority of one religion or another. I want you to understand my standpoint as a Buddhist, my approach to the human race. A Buddhist feels that a man is a distinct entity. He is just not a machine; his will cannot be subordinate to anybody else's. He is not just a machine of a state. The state is made for man and not man for the state. That is our concept of independence.

If you use your highest discretion, which implies complete freedom of conscience and complete freedom of action, the final accountability is to yourself. The central theme of Buddhism is the religion of love—Maitrya. Just as a mother loves a child so must you love all beings on earth—all living creatures great and small, including mankind. Therefore, in the whole of history, you will not find a case of one drop of blood having been shed for the cause of Buddhism.

In the ancient world the humanizing influence of Buddhism was felt from India to the shores of Greece. Wherever Buddhism went, cultural pursuits flourished, and people expressed their ecstasy in a variety of artistic forms: literature, music, the dance, and so on. Education up to and including the university level flourished in India.

The earliest cases of hospitalization in the world occurred in India and Buddhist Ceylon. Hospitals—not only for men but also for animals—flourished centuries ago. Works of charity became the order or theme of life of a good Buddhist.

—*From "The Art of India."*

Fifth-century head of image of Buddha. Gandhara; now in Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

As a Buddhist, I believe in universal law. We are subject to that universal law. We have the complete freedom to do what we like, except for certain restraints enforced upon us by the universal law that we believe in: Kharma, the law of cause and effect.

The Christians find a different basis for their concept of natural law. They find a source of all goodness, of all virtue, in the concept of God. We are all, according to the Christian belief, the children of God, made in the image of God and therefore entitled to equal benefits, entitled to all the good things that every one of us enjoys. In "Love Thy Neighbor" we find the same idea. Service to mankind is your creed.

If you will look at Islam, it is the same thing: they believe also in a power—an Almighty power. From that belief proceeds other consequences. They also enjoin charity; they also enjoin service to your fellow men; each man is your brother.

The idea of brotherhood is inherent in all these concepts. The brotherhood of man is conceded really in all religions, in whatever form it is expressed. Whatever the religion, it has a basic foundation, an eternal law, an eternal God, or an eternal power. An ethical code is based on that foundation and that ethical code is not very different.

This is not a time for us to try to

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make converts. Buddhism does not, in any event, aim at conversion. Buddhism to us is a way of life to which, if you are prepared, you may adhere. It is true that the Buddha said, "Go ye forth and preach the doctrine of the middle way, for the benefit of the many, for the benefit of men and Gods." But there is no question of a chosen people. There is no question of division of the world into sinners and angels. Basically, all man is good. We have no such compartments as the wanted or the unwanted. There is no such thing as the world of punishment. There is no heaven or hell. We have no insistent desire to make converts. We have no desire, whatsoever, that there shall be conformists in the world. We see there cannot be conformists in the world. It will be to the detriment of the world if you are all conformists. You should conform only to that which you think is best.

So we find it quite easy to understand differences of opinion. We have established mutual understanding. I want you, in this country, to understand our point of view, particularly because it is India, and Ceylon, and Burma, and other countries like these that have been mainly responsible for this policy of mutual understanding—for this policy of neutrality of non-alignment with power blocs.

I want you to understand this neutrality from that standpoint. However, our idea of neutrality is the ability or the capacity to express an opinion, for or against an issue, as it arises, according to the best dictation of your conscience and according to the highest principles of morality.

We find in the present world context that, unfortunately, the world is divided into two kinds. And we Buddhists feel that we can supply a moral force which will help to establish peace. We do not claim to have all the wisdom. But I want you to understand the basic reasons for our enunciations, our policies. They have a religious and philosophical background.

Mahatma Gandhi's doctrine on Ahimsa is a re-definition or a re-statement of the Buddhist principle of Ahimsa and of the Hindu principle which existed years and years ago. If by adopting nonviolent methods, by adopting peaceful means, we have been able to obtain our freedom, and have been able to shape our countries in the way we want them, is there any reason why we should change that viewpoint?

We do believe that a powerful nation may gain military victory but we also know, when we look back thousands of years, that a military victory is a temporary thing. It can never last. The faith of man can never be crushed. We also know that civilizations have come and gone. Great civilizations have reached the heights of glory and they also have gone. It is in the nature of things. "Nothing is permanent," says the Buddha, "Everything is transitional, just a delusion!"

So what you call success or glory is just a delusion. We are content to live up to our convictions, come what may. Call it pessimism if you like. That's a belief; that's an article of faith; that's a creed; that's a way of life. I want you therefore to understand that religion becomes important in the understanding of human nature.

WHEN the Buddhist and the Hindu and our co-religionists in Asia behave as they do, it is because they think it is a rightly motivated way of acting. I do not want you to be indignant with us because we are not toeing the line.

We are not bound to be committed; we recognize the independence of man; we recognize our own sovereignties; we recognize that we have our own self-respect; we recognize that we have a civilization, a custom, an outlook of our own. Why should we be committed? By whom should we be committed? We have committed ourselves certainly to morality, to decency, to civilization, to the upholding of our conscience, to the preservation of peace. We are committed to our ideals. We do not want to make prior commitments to one side, to one person or the other person, because we claim independence. We value that sovereignty of ours. But unless you understand our religious outlook, our philosophy of life, you will think us strange.

I think we have a duty in this country. It is the exercise of goodwill—on the basis of a two-way traffic. It is our duty to place before you our point of view; our duty to tell you how we think. It is also your duty to understand that point of view.

I feel that America is a nation of destiny. You undoubtedly have a rightful role to play in the shaping of the world. Therefore, it becomes all the more necessary that you should understand the world, if you are to realize the full consequences of the modern leadership which you want to exert all over the world—and which we wish you to exert. Actually, we are not very strange, for human nature, I assure you, is ever the same, conditioned by geographical and historical accidents. We have the same passions, the same desires, and the same reflexes as yourselves, and deep down have the same instinctive idealism.

I have no doubt that good sense will prevail in the world; that spiritual values will still triumph. If you have an "insoluble" problem, it is our sense of spiritual values. We are not prepared to be Americans, Russians, French, or any other country, or any other people. We like to be ourselves; we like to preserve our unity; we are not anti one side or pro one side. That is what Buddhism teaches us to picture.

It would be better for you to understand our point of view and to realize that we are not against you, not hostile to you, not outraged against you. Our goal is your goal. You and I believe in the preservation of peace and democracy. You and I believe in the dignity of men. You and I believe in the human work of man. We know all these things; we are agreed on so many basic issues.

The pity of it is that we are inclined to overemphasize the area of disagreement rather than to emphasize the area of agreement. In a meeting such as this, we get to know the areas of agreement; this may then well prove the basis of future understanding, coöperation and goodwill in the world.

"It is to me sometimes very surprising that a country with which we shall surely become better acquainted as time goes on—the country of Africa, which has not been represented here—was the proving ground of faith for two of the greatest men of our age. I refer to Mahatma Gandhi and Dr. Albert Schweitzer. Their lives bear witness to a transcending faith in the human divine. Gandhi's Hinduism, with its living center in human service, was an expression of his faith in God as love, and never could he accept violence and fratricide as compatible with true religion. . . *His undeviating faith in* the Sermon on the Mount and in the personality of Jesus in history began as a spontaneous recognition and deepened through his life-long commitment to positive *ahimsa*, and the conquest of evil by the unified, multi-level power of non-violence. . . . to Gandhi, the value of religion lay in its power to be "individualized," to transform one life, and through one, many lives. Simple in definition, such a concept gave Gandhi an inclusive view of religion and he saw no difficulty in belonging to Hinduism, which he knew best, while also sharing in the deepest and most dedicated way . . . the divine truths of all great religions. . . ."

—AMIYA CHAKRAVATY.

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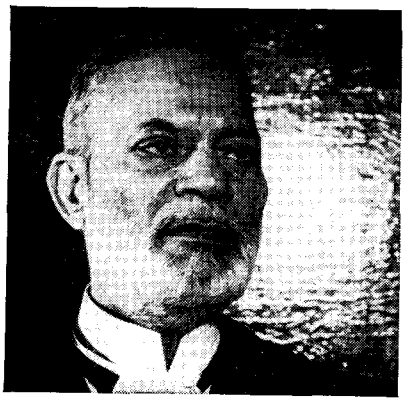
5. The Concept of Unity



Zafrulla Khan, former foreign minister of Pakistan, Vice President of the International Court of Justice at the Hague, and a Muslim.

"No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself."

By SIR ZAFRULLA KHAN

AT THIS CRITICAL juncture in the fortunes of man upon earth, when the future looms large with almost limitless possibilities of beneficent progress, but is also overcast with dire portents of terror and destruction, it is fitting that minds of men and women who have a voice in the shaping of policies and actions of powerful nations, should turn with yearning eagerness towards religion to discover and reaffirm the fundamental verities which may establish in full measure the worth and dignity of the human person, and safeguard and promote them in peace and security.

It would, I conceive, be helpful if I were to define at the outset the source upon which I propose to draw for making my presentation on the subject on which it has been suggested I should address the Conference. That source in the Holy Koran, the Scripture of Islam.

The Koran teaches that from the moment that man became capable of experiencing direct communion with God, revelation has been vouchsafed to him through the prophets in all ages, in all parts of the world. The Koran therefore, requires belief in *all* divine revelation, and in the truth and righteousness of *all* the prophets.

Thus in Islam we start with the fundamental that divine revelation has been vouchsafed to *all* peoples, and we as Muslims accept the truth of *all* original revelation. This at once invests human fellowship with a universal character in the eyes of all Muslims, and eliminates any claim of exclusiveness, and any tendency towards discrimination.

The fundamental concept which underlies all values of every description is the concept of the Godhead, and its relationship to man. The teachings of Islam are clear, and it may even be said uncompromising, on that subject. God is One and is also Unity. All things proceed from Him, and are dependent upon Him. He is not dependent upon, or in need of anything.

THE position that man is intended to occupy in God's universe is a very exalted one indeed. The Koran describes man as God's vice-regent upon earth, (II. 31), and as having been endowed with the best and most appropriate faculties and qualities. (XCV. 5) But he is also responsible for the proper and beneficent employment and use of his faculties and qualities. If he misuses or abuses any of them, he runs the risk of being brought low. (XCV. 6) God's law is: "If you put My bounties to beneficent use, I will surely, multiply them unto you, but if you misuse or abuse them, then know that my punishment is severe indeed." (XIV. 8)

The universe, as well as man, has been created with a purpose. "We created not the heaven and the earth and all that is between the two in sport." (XXI. 17) And again: "We have not created the heaven and the earth and all that is between them in vain. That is the view of those who deny Us." (XXXVIII. 28) And also: "God has created the heavens and the earth in accordance with the requirements of truth, so that every soul may be requited for that which it earns; and they shall not be wronged." (XLV. 23).

The Koran draws attention to mankind's diversity of color, race, and language, as one of God's Signs. It is a characteristic of the Koran that whenever attention is drawn to any object or phenomenon as a Sign of God, the purpose is to invite mankind to study the subject, and to reflect upon it so as to extract from it the maximum of beneficence which it is capable of yielding, and to guard against any harm or damage that may result from its misconstruction or misapplication, or from its neglect. Thus: "Among His Signs is the creation of the heavens and the earth, and the diversity of your tongues and colors. In that surely are Signs for those who possess knowledge." (XXX. 23)

The Islamic concept of brotherhood is not based on devotion to common pursuits, or sharing common interests. While these may forge bonds of comradeship and companionship, and offer occasions for the expression and exchange of friendly courtesies, they may also engender rivalries and jealousies, causing strains and disruptions, rather than strengthening beneficent relationship. Besides, they tend to define and restrict, rather than to extend and widen our sympathies and our circle of fellowship. Human brotherhood is universal. Its basis must also be universal. Islam requires that our concept of brotherhood should derive from our common relationship *through* God.

ISLAM IS democratic in character and holds sacred individual and public liberty. It secures the person and his property. It fosters the growth of all civic virtues, and puts an end to all customs that are immoral and unjust. It inculcates purity of heart, cleanliness of body, and sobriety of life. It emphasizes friendliness, good temper, affability, hospitality, forgiveness, fairness in dealings, regard for superiors, kind treatment of inferiors, care for the orphan, help to the needy and destitute. It demands patience, endurance, fortitude, love for truth, even under personal risk, courage, modesty, benevolence and charity.

—SADAAT HASAN.

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Every one of my fellow beings is my brother, and has a claim upon the best that I have to give, because he is a creature, a servant, an ambassador, of my Lord and Maker. We are all bound together by the rope of God. "Hold fast, all together, by the rope of God, and be not divided; and remember the favor of God which He bestowed upon you when you were enemies and He united your hearts in love, so that by His Grace you became as brothers; and you were on the brink of a pit of fire, and He saved you from it. Thus does God explain to you His commandments, that you may be guided." (III. 104)

Not only is the principle of man's equal worth in the sight of God emphasized in the midst of a universal diversity extending not only from region to region, and people to people, but also from individual to individual, but the principle of upholding and safeguarding his worth and dignity is emphasized also with regard to his spiritual, moral, and intellectual freedom and integrity. It is a curious phenomenon that while one of the great purposes of religion is to ensure man's spiritual, moral and intellectual freeddom and integrity, it is in the sphere of religion that persecution, bigotry, and fanaticism have found their worst and most cruel expression. The consciousness that one has been favored with the comprehension and understanding of Truth, often partial and imperfect, and has been privileged to subscribe to it, should fill one with awe and humility, and inspire one with the yearning to spend oneself in the service of one's fellow beings. Unfortunately, however, the history of mankind is only too full of instances where false notions of Truth, or of its requirements and demands, have engendered arrogance and bigotry of the most extreme type.

As regards conduct towards our fellow beings, we are all familiar with what has been described as the Golden Rule. The Prophet of Islam is on record as having admonished: "No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself." The Prophet expressed in these simple words the essence of a whole ethical code, set out succinctly in the Koran as follows: "Verily, God enjoins the returning of good for good in equity, and the doing of good to others without expectation of return, and beneficence towards others as if they were kindred; and forbids all indecencies of thought and design, and that which is likely to cause offense to others, and all manner of trespass. He admonishes you that you may take heed." (XVI. 91)

This goes very much further than merely doing unto others as one would that others would do to one. Here there is a prohibition of three grades of wrongdoing, and a commandment strongly enjoining three grades of good conduct.

All those who believe in God and put their faith in, and accept, revealed guidance, have been invited by the Koran to unite in putting into effect in their lives that fundamental and central spiritual concept, adherence to which would bring everything else into order and departure from which would ultimately corrupt everything else. "O, People of the Book, come to a word equal between you and us that we worship none but God, and that we associate no partner with Him, and that some of us take not others for Lords, besides God. But if they turn away then say, Bear Witness that we have submitted to Him alone." (III. 65)

Our last observation is: "All worthiness of praise belongs to God alone, who has created, sustained, nourishes, and stage by stage leads towards perfection, all the worlds." (X. 11)

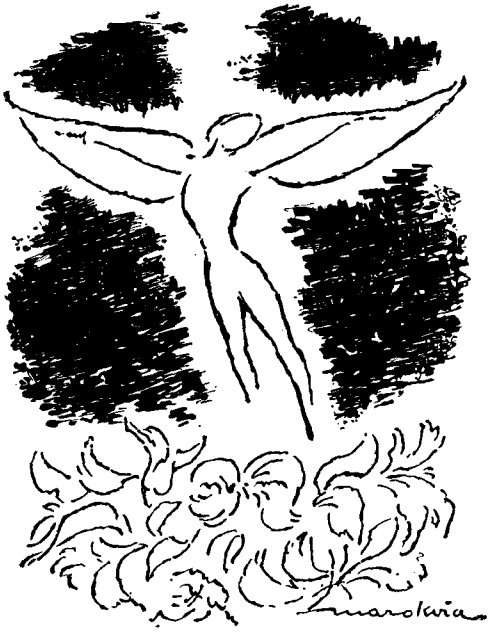
6. The Principle of Permanence

"The common Fatherhood of God has made all men His children."

By JOHN C. BROADHURST,
faculty member at Dallas University, Dallas, Texas, and a prominent Roman Catholic layman.

THE CATHOLIC concept of man in today's society is grounded in the principle of permanence—man is, has been, and will always be a psychophysical unit created by God for the specific purpose of attaining perfect happiness that can only be realized in God. Although all men are psychophysical units, there are important differences in the original equipment of human beings, all of whom have basic inheritances of social needs and tendencies, including tendencies to disorder in their powers and functions. In this psychophysical unit man is composed of body and soul, a soul that is nonmaterial, spiritual, intrinsically independent of matter, although united to the body to make a composite. Man, therefore, has an intellect that makes him capable of seeing relationships, understanding, forming judgments, and drawing conclusions. He is endowed with a conscience and a free will, and is responsible for his conduct, the norms for which are predetermined by the eternal principles of the moral law. Although this moral law is immutable and independent of man, it is identifiable when man diligently attempts to discover its specifics. The precepts of this Divine Law cannot be accepted or discarded according to the vagaries of a changing society.

The principle of permanence, arising as it does from the basic nature of man, does not deny the principle of change that arises from the nature of society. Nor can the principles of Divine Law be understood or practiced in a vacuum. The responsibility of man is both to ascertain the precepts fundamental to all his thoughts and actions and to apply these precepts in the many social and environmental relationships that comprise the total experience of any person. This tremendous responsibility mandates that all men possess those inalienable rights necessary to



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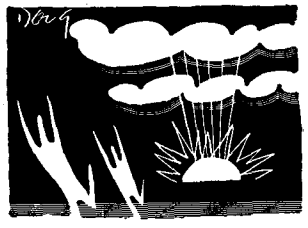
achieve temporal and eternal happiness.

Man's potential worth is based on the fact that he possesses a rational soul, for here is his kinship with God; it is in this respect that he is made in the image and likeness of God. It is by means of the soul that man towers over the beasts of the fields in knowledge, in power, and in value.

Man's actual worth appears dependdent on his utilization of the qualities that make him like to God—the infinitely perfect, eternal, immeasurable, omnipresent God of love, mercy, and compassion, Father of all men. This relationship of grace-bestowing God to man must be formally recognized by direct homage, acts of praise, adoration, and love, and by the indirect homage typified by such moral acts as kindness to one's neighbor.

Thus the love which man bestows upon his fellow man becomes the com-



pletion of the homage which man renders to God when he loves Him directly and immediately. The common Fatherhood of God has made all men his children and therefore imposes upon all men the duty of loving one another as brothers who are alike in basic nature, who share common responsibilities, and who possess identical inalienable rights.

As we continue to shoulder our burden, we must try to exercise wisdom, patience and, above all, a sense of humility. I think we can solve the problem. You may feel that I'm an optimist. If so, I plead guilty to that charge. But I like to feel that I have more than optimism. I like to feel that I have faith in our religious civilization and its doctrine of the dignity of the human individual and freedom—freedom in the sense in which we understand it. If we continue to be devoted to that ideal, and also to widen our field of knowledge of others, I am absolutely certain that we shall be able to carry out this very, very heavy assignment which the hand of history has placed on us.

—ALFRED M. GRUENTHER.

7. What Is Man?

Das Kelley Barnett, faculty member of the Episcopal Seminary of the Southwest, Austin, Texas.

"Christianity is quite presumptuous. It is presumptuous in that it says the secret which it knows is the secret of all man."

By DAS KELLEY BARNETT

IN THE LAST act of Eugene O'Neill's play "The Great God Brown" a corpse is seen arranged on a couch. A police captain holding a grimy notebook and a stubby pencil in his hand inquires gruffly, "Well, what's his name?"

"Man!" Cybel replies.

"How d'yuh spell it?" asks the policeman.

That is the question: What is man? How can we spell out a unified view of human nature?

Behind the revolutionary drives of our time is the neurotic man, the creature of trembling anxiety disintegrated at the center of his personality, disrupted in his social relations, branded with a peptic ulcer, the wound stripe of a decadent civilization. We see with the eyes of T. S. Eliot:

> The strained, time-ridden faces
> Distracted from distraction by distraction
> Filled with fantasies and empty of meaning
> Tumid apathy with no concentration
> Men and bits of paper, whirled by the cold wind.

The proper study of man is man; yet Alexis Carrel, Nobel Prize winner, in his book "Man the Unknown," wrote: "Our ignorance of ourselves has given to mechanics, physics, and chemistry the power to modify at random the ancestral forms of life." Modern civilization, Dr. Carrel was convinced, has been erected without any knowledge of our real nature. Man is a stranger in the world he has created.

Our loss of a synoptic view of human nature has multiple causes. There is the excessive interest in the study of nature which has occupied scientific research since the time of Francis Bacon. Our social and psychological sciences, when compared with the techniques and results of the older studies of physics, chemistry, and biology, appear immature and inadequate. Furthermore, our scientific study of man has necessitated a specialized, compartmentalized approach. Man has been dissected and the parts abstracted for study. This compartmentalization was necessary, but it led to a narrow picture of human nature.

At its present stage science cannot give us a unified view of man. Can the world religions? Here the answer is no. To be sure, there are recurring similarities as far as specific aspects of human nature are concerned. But when we compare the core teachings of the various religions on the subject of human nature, we would do violence to the integrity of differences if we claimed that world religions share a unified religious anthropology.

We are not met, however, to explore the divergent views of man at the level of abstract discussion. We know that atomic annihilation waits in the wings of that stage we call the earth. What is at stake here is not the cherished views of religious partisans, but human existence—not only the life of man, but all the myriad forms of plant and animal life.

It is with this sense of urgency that we explore the distinctive views of our various religious traditions with the hope that in so doing we find a common basis for that action which will safeguard in our time the infinite pre-

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ciousness of life, of being, whatever its form. In the light of this urgency we ask, how does a Christian spell the word *Man*? To be sure, within the Christian faith there are divergent spellings of man. I would set forth, however, views shared by most Christians.

As a first consideration, the Christian affirms that he knows who he is because he is known, in that God the Knower, in disclosing his own nature, reveals the spelling of the word *Man*. Frankly, this is a supernatural position. The unveiling of God's face is not so much a matter of inspiration or of an inner light as it is a disclosure of the mighty acts of God in the arena of human history, particularly in the people of Israel and in Jesus Christ. In the light of these events, Man knows his nature and his destiny. In response to God who is Subject, Man knows himself as subject, i.e., the freedom of unique individuality. In this freedom he is more than the sum total of his genetic inheritance plus his environmental conditioning. He cannot be reduced to an item or to a recurring cipher within the species. He knows himself, therefore, in a state of transcendence, a transcendence of both grandeur and depravity. It is the dilemma of man that he transcends his world and at the same time cannot escape from it, a fact that justifies the Christian affirmation that Man is made in the image of God.

This is a dilemma of anxiety, because of all living creature he knows he is going to die. This *urangst*, original anxiety, universal in all men, has various expressions.

One manifestation is original sin, that inevitable tendency of Man to become entangled with himself, to make himself the center of existence. He may do it by pride, when he pretends he is not man, that he is pure spirit and will, therefore, escape from this biologic identity. Or he may deny that he is created in the image of God and say, "But I am only animal and therefore fly into sensuality." But all sensuality is only an attempt to forget that he does transcend. It is at this point that he will make an idol, for it is the essence of man that he is capable of religious devotion, that he will give himself to values, to non-empirical values, and that he will live by them as values of his culture and his personal life.

Man flees from the burden of this transcendence. One reason he is in flight is that he is afraid to surrender his freedom to the ultimate source of his being. Again, he flees because he is at odds with God. How could it be otherwise? Was he not born into a world of structured hostility? Was he not scalded in his mother's womb, rejected by his father, ensnared in the net of social prejudice? Wounded from the foundation of his biography, he directs hostility towards others, a hostility consciously or unconsciously aimed at the whatever or whoever responsible for the whole mess of things. God the Father Almighty, therefore, is for man the ultimate enemy. Human history expresses the contradiction at the core of man's being.

Moreover, it is the teaching of the Christian faith that man cannot escape from this lost-ness by his own efforts, and that in Jesus Christ there is incarnation and an invasion of life by God. The Christian concept of man is on the one hand a conception of high spirituality; on the other hand it is the most realistic religion in the world in that it affirms that God abhors nothing that he has made. The Christian, therefore, does not despise life, nor sex, nor food, nor human community. This we call, in Christ, grace, which is new being, and by new being we mean that in Christ universally incarnated, God is pursuing all men with their lost wholeness. To be redeemed is not simply to be restored to what man would like to be, but, by a participation in Christ, it is to reach a condition of life, a state of grace, beyond the comprehension of sinful man.

The last thing I would say, to be frank about it here, is that Christianity is quite presumptuous. It is presumptuous in that it says the secret which it knows is the secret of all man; that the mystery which has been disclosed in Jesus Christ is not simply the way that God deals with a few Christians or a handful of the population of the earth; that in Jesus Christ is disclosed the way God has always dealt and is always dealing with Man; that God by his grace is sustaining them and affirming them in their being; that God is a friend of the creation he has made; that God is healing the wounds and dispensing the forgiveness; that in all places and at all times God the Father Almighty is redeeming his creation; and that the proclamation of the Christian message is not so much a newness peculiar to Western culture, but a universal truth which when proclaimed will say what each in his own tongue and in his own way can understand.

Thus, the Christian affirms that man is created in the image of God, wounded in inadequate responses to his transcendent nature, and restored by the grace that is in Jesus Christ to self-understanding and to community.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Ancient of Days," by William Blake.

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8. Beyond Science

David L. Mueller, faculty member of the School of Religion, Baylor University, Waco, Texas, who is concerned with a generalized Christian view of man.

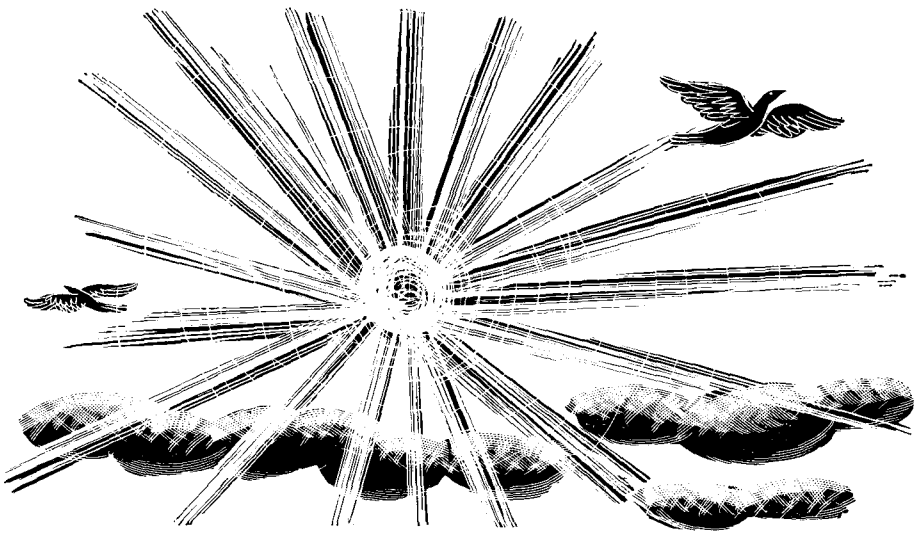
"If we ask about man's worth, we answer in saying that it derives from his creation by God."

By DAVID L. MUELLER

THE QUESTION of the source for a Christian anthropology or doctrine of man is a difficult one. In order to adopt an unapologetically Christian point of view, I venture to say that the source of the Christian understanding of man is to be found in the Bible and supremely in Jesus Christ. This approach presupposes that man's self-understanding—apart from revelation—does not provide him with a true understanding of his nature and his relationship to God. Expressed differently, Christian theology teaches that true knowledge of self only results when there is true knowledge of God. Christian theology recognizes, to be sure, that various non-theological anthropologies provide us with some information about the nature of man. Christian theology is not necessarily hostile to the scientific view of man. There can be no question of a specifically Christian biology or chemistry. Likewise, philosophical and psychological theories can shed light on man's quest for self-knowledge. However, the consensus of Christian theology is that neither the scientific nor philosophical interpretations of man can be substituted for the Christian understanding of man. They may provide us with a technological understanding of man, but neither science nor philosophy—if they remain true to their methods—can adopt or arrive at the basic presupposition of Christian anthropology, namely, that man is a creature created in the image of God. Precisely this fact about himself man cannot discover: it becomes known to him through his involvement and encounter with God. This is the Biblical view of man and the source of our Christian doctrine of the *real* man.

The basic affirmation of Christian anthropology is that man is a creature created by God. Although it is true to say that man shares much in common with the rest of the animal world, the Biblical writers regard man to be distinctive. The uniqueness of man's nature is tied up with the Biblical view that man is created in the image of God. Although there has never been universal agreement as to the meaning of the *imago Dei* concept, there is a movement away from interpreting this to mean that a particular faculty such as man's reason or soul distinguishes him from the rest of the created order. Rather, the Biblical writer viewed man as a psychophysical whole. Hence the truth that man is created in the *image of God* means essentially that he is a creature created to live responsibly before God. Man's distinctiveness consists in the fact that he is a responsible being; that is, an answering being who can reply to God. In short, that man is *imago Dei* means that he has a divine origin as well as a divine destiny; he is created by God in order to live in fellowship with God. Hence man lives as God's covenant partner, the creature who is in the image of God, as he responds and answers in faith to God. If we are asked about man's worth, we answer by saying that it derives from his creation by God.

We have stated that the essential presupposition of the understanding of man is that he is created by God to live in fellowship with God and his neighbor. However, the Biblical view of man is equally insistent that man who is created good does not remain good. Rather, he always opposes the will of God, the Creator, in the attempt to be his own god. This wilful act of disobedience is referred to as man's fall. The act of disobedience is sin. Three consequences always result from man's rebellion against God. (1) It breaks man's fellowship and communion with God; (2) it issues in the total perversion of man's nature which was created good; and (3) it distorts man's relationship with his neighbor and fellowman. In short, man's nature is distorted and perverted through his sin. He lives in contradiction to God, himself, and his neighbor. Man has brought ruin upon himself, yet there is no indication that he therewith ceases to be the creature with whom God is concerned. However, the effects of man's sin are so great that he does not acknowledge the guilt of his hostility and rebellion against God. This is why man acknowledges himself as a sinner only in the light of his encounter with the Holy God and his Law. Ultimately, only in the encounter with God in Jesus Christ does man become aware of the real nature of his



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contradiction and rebellion against God and of the perversion of his nature. Only in the light of Jesus Christ, the second Adam, does man become aware of both the radical distortion of his being and of what it means to be a creature in the image of God.

The fact of man's sinfulness and the radical perversion of his nature is not the final word about man according to the Christian perspective. For even in this state of corruption when he is alienated and separated from God, it appears that God does not cease to love and desire the good of the creature. Instead of allowing man to suffer the full consequences of his sin, God purposes to restore man's broken humanity. The Biblical witness is unequivocal in teaching that man cannot extricate himself from his sinful estate; he cannot restore the broken fellowship with God. His enslavement or bondage to sin has effected such a perversion of his will and total being that no theory of self-salvation is possible. Yet man has not ceased therewith to be God's creature. God continues to act in love toward man. The continuing movement of God toward man climaxes in the revelation of the second Adam, Jesus Christ. Even as the first Adam is the Biblical symbol of a broken humanity, Jesus Christ, the second Adam, is the sign of a new humanity. In the light of the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, Christian theology sees man's destiny to be one of restored fellowship with God. To be truly man means, therefore, to stand in the company of redeemed humanity whose head is Jesus Christ. Unless this primary relationship is restored, there is no possibility for man to exist in right relationship to his neighbor.

We may call this renewed state of fellowship with God the state of grace or reconciliation. The final end toward which man moves is conceived in terms of a state of glory in which the imperfections characterizing man's present relationship with God will be done away with.

The presuppositions of the Christian doctrine of man which we have outlined are not to be understood as man's own answer to the problem of his existence. Rather, this view of man rests upon a concrete history in which God meets man as Creator, Judge, and Redeemer. On the one hand, it avoids a naive optimism in that it takes seriously the radical nature of man's sin and perversity visible in the crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, it avoids an undue pessimism with respect to man because it sees his destiny in the light of the reconciliation which God purposes for him in Jesus Christ.

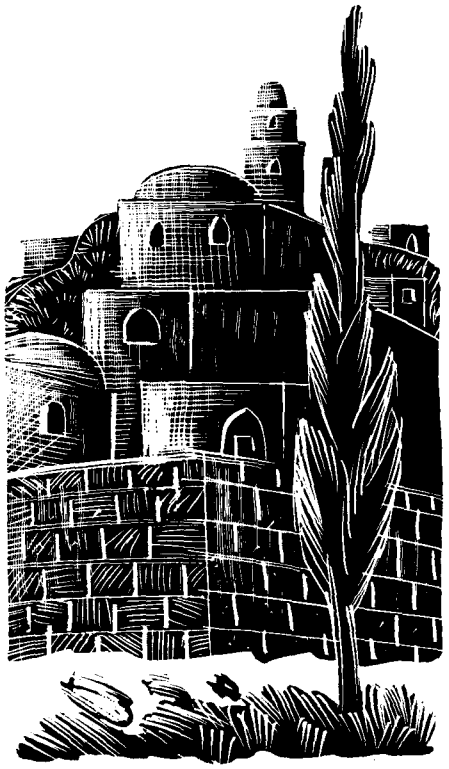
9. An Ethical Consensus

"St. Paul was not alone among great religious teachers in affirming that if we have not charity, we have nothing."

By ROBERT BLUM, *President of the Asia Foundation, San Francisco, California*

WHEN I LOOK at the behavior of men I do not find a clearcut ethical consensus, but see instead diversity, which may be good, and conflict, greed, and malice, which are evil. "But," you may say, "underlying these aberrations in man's behavior are common ideals that endure as standards by which to inspire his achievements and measure his failures." Yes, the religions of the world and the experience of man have to some extent given us ideals, and we must not only cherish them as goals but practice them in our daily lives.

Unfortunately, the experience of the great religions themselves shows us that this is not easy to achieve. Have we not seen religion used as a cloak for conquest, a crucible for superstition, and a garb for arrogant self-righteousness? In the name of religion, the great teachers have preached charity and love of their fellow man but some of their disciples have wielded the sword, lighted the fires, and flaunted their contempt of others.



We must always beware of man's other face lest we be deceived into thinking that the ethical consensus, if it exists, is a reflection of reality. Man's love can turn to jealousy and hatred, his righteousness to hypocrisy, his ambitions to cupidity, and his patience to indifference in the face of injustice. The ingredients of these contradictions may vary from country to country, but I am afraid that the contradictions themselves are in all of us.

We need to be guided by the ethical principles that have come to us while recognizing that there is no simple, immutable consensus that charts our daily path. Moreover, this ethical inheritance will wither and corrode unless we continually rekindle its light, refreshen its substance, and apply it with measure and understanding.

A humble approach to these problems is perhaps especially important for those of us who are from the West, as we have been too ready to identify our material success with Christian virtue. It is imperative that we no longer delude ourselves by continuing to think we have a monopoly on either success or virtue.

How can we find an ethical consensus in this troubled sea where good and evil bob about elusively and deceptively, obscured by the conflict between man's ideals and his behavior? I am not sure, and I believe that there is some merit in not being certain of the right answer.

We must be compassionate and we must have an active concern for the welfare of our fellow men. We must be tolerant but not indifferent to evil. We must continually reappraise and reassess our ideals, reconciling the contradictions that are inherent in them. And we must have something else—call it charity or loving kindness if you will—for St. Paul was not alone among great religious teachers in affirming that if we have not charity, we have nothing.

It is in ourselves that the consensus must first be found.

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10. Man and Technology

Richard E. Singer, Rabbi of the Lakeside Congregation for Reform Judaism, in Highland Park, Illinois.

"We know that we have come to the edge of magnificient success—and then what?"

By RICHARD E. SINGER

MAN'S DILEMMA in an age of advanced technology is not that he must come to terms with the things he has created. His great challenge is to come to terms with himself. Missiles and bombs are merely things. Servo-mechanisms are mindless. The most fabulous electronic computors cannot make even the most trivial value judgment. Man alone is capable of choice. Only man is dangerous.

Denis de Rougemont wrote that at the present stage of Western development it seems as though there is only one of mankind's constant dreams which is not open theoretically to being fulfilled: "the dream of knowing the thither side (as he calls it) of death." But nearly all the other dreams of man —to fly in the air, to go down to the bottom of the sea, to make gold, to grow young again, to journey over the moon, to read other people's thoughts, to kill or cure without contact—all these achievements have arrived, or their arrival can be foreseen. We fly; we change metals from what they were into what we wish them to be; we greatly exceed the velocity of sound in flight; we prolong the life span of man; we speak with the invisible and we hold communication with the planets. "Everything happens as though our dreams were pledges of future realities, and thus stood for a kind of memory, anticipating things to come; as though man were potentially all that he can imagine, as though truth were destined to become one day what we now dream it is. Man is defined by his dreams, which, far more than action, shape his reality."

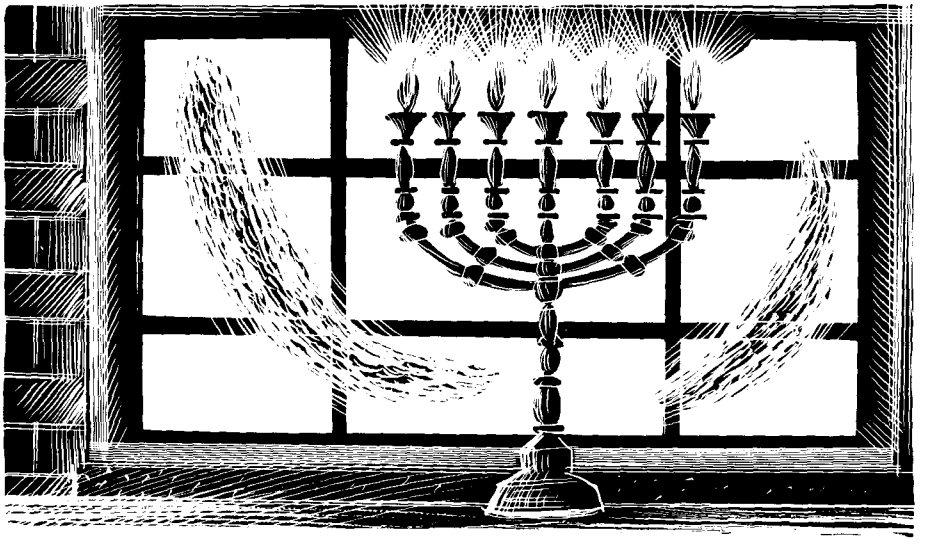
Our material success, however, raises some difficult questions. What are we to do with the world once it is domesticated, once we have mastered nature and turned her riches and forces to our own use? What is to be done with the space and the time and the leisure and the health that we have won for ourselves in the summertime of fulfillment? We of the West have wanted to demonstrate the impossibility and the unacceptability of the kind of thinking that reaches out to magical forces, that seeks to control, through thought, the thought processes and the basic desires and urges of man. We have been unable to accept, with the East, the reality of transcendent forces. We want to see and touch and feel before we know. Yet, at this moment in our drive to success the non-material forces are beginning to press in upon us as they have never pressed before. We know that we have come to the edge of magnificent success—and then what?

On the other hand, the East has produced numerous recipes for immortality on earth while teaching at the same time that life is an illusion. But despite the recipes and exercises and the methods for attaining this feeling of union and harmony with the essence of all life and all reality, the East has no more won immortality than the West has won security. East and West have alike been cheated of final attainment.

We of the West seek the means of gaining time. This is our great goal. And we find the means to gain time. Whereupon we are asked by a Chinese of the old school, while going round our marvelously productive factories: "When you have gained all this time, what will you do with it?"

And if we were not so in awe of his wisdom and dignity we could well ask him: "Suppose you become immortal, what then would you do?"

WE know that the problem of what to do with our free time will confront us tomorrow. Already we can read the critical comments on the retirement system that puts so many people out to pasture at an age when they have years of productive effort remaining within their powers. And here is the paradox: the technical qualities of our time, the attitude toward utilitarianism, the very efficiency which has created our problem of what to do with time—for it is our efficiency which has freed us from drudgery—these attitudes and these accomplishments have made it extremely difficult for us to assume the role required by a life of leisure. We become restless with leisure. We cannot sit and meditate. We do not know what to do with ourselves. We want



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to continue doing something. We want to serve. We want to be useful. We do not know how to use leisure time fruitfully and with satisfaction. We are commonly miserable with our leisure—or else miserable because someone makes us feel guilty about our leisure. And so we transform leisure into activity and then and only then does it become acceptable. The retired worker in Florida find his new happiness in the sunshine provided there is a factory around the corner where he may find some useful and productive work!

Ironically, and on the other side of the coin, the values of the East prepare the man of the East for leisure and assume that leisure will exist and that the creature needs of man will be met. But the East has not been able to obtain the desired leisure for the mass of Eastern humanity.

AT the moment of the West's highest achievement, when the tremendous powers that have been hidden within nature's smallest particles are being freed to create an undreamed-of new world of riches for man, we are conscious of our spiritual impoverishment. And at this moment the East throws itself upon our technical achievements and apparently forgets its own spiritual values.

Is there a resolution for this troubling meeting of East and West with one another and with the technological dilemmas of our time? Is there to be an outcome where one or the other will assume the role of predominance in the world? What is to be the way of the future? Is it the way of more and more material progress or will there be a new awareness of spiritual values, of contemplation, of mystical awarenesses? What is to be the result of the meeting at this passing moment of man's experience on earth?

It seems to me that this meeting of the poles of values and goals offers a significant lesson. And this is the apparent need for the existence of opposites, the requirements of our world that there exist in the same world opinions and practices and ideals that are as widely separated as they can possibly be—and that these differences are most necessary to our world's existence.

I am not sure that we are able to be content with the knowledge that in the world in which we live there are those who see the world and who see us and our goals in a much different way than we see them. Where we approve, they disapprove. Where we assign values, they assign liabilities. And we find this discouraging and disheartening—to think that the beliefs and deeds which we hold so precious are so valueless to others. And yet, I believe that this is the kind of world that we must learn to live in. I believe that we have to learn to live somehow with the broadest kind of difference and disagreement and while we may not be happy or comfortable with it, we must learn to exist with its irritation.

This attitude was summed up in ancient times in the story of the experience of Ulysses. Ulysses has returned to Ithaca. He has won his peace. But he has to wage a final struggle against the men who believed him dead and condemned. And then, Minerva, the muse of Eternal Wisdom, speaks to him:

" 'Son of Laertes, nurtured in heaven, Ulysses of the many artifices, be calm! Do not pursue this civil strife to a finish! Fear you may offend the overvigilant God!'

"Thus spoke Minerva, daughter of the thunder-striking Zeus. The hero obeyed her with a happy heart. And the goddess with the features and voice of Mentor for disguise, caused the opponents to conclude forever a sincere alliance."

THIS same kind of willingness to accept disagreement and disorder and the impossibility of final resolution of conflict and disagreement, is found in these words of Robert Oppenheimer, writing in "The Open Mind":

"This is a world in which each of us, knowing his limitations, knowing the evils of superficiality and the terrors of fatigue, will have to cling to what is close to him, to what he knows, to what he can do, to his friends and his tradition and his love, lest he be dissolved in a universal confusion and know nothing and love nothing. It is at the same time a world in which none of us can find an (authoritative) prescription or general sanction for any ignorance, any insensitivity, any indifference. When a friend tells us of a new discovery we may not understand, we may not be able to listen without jeopardizing the work that is ours and closer to us; but we cannot find in a book or canon—and we should not seek—grounds for hallowing our ignorance. If a man tells us that he sees differently than we, or that he finds beautiful what we find ugly, we may have to leave the room from fatigue or trouble; but that is our weakness and our default. If we must live with a perpetual sense that the world and the men in it are greater than we and too much for us, let it be the measure of our virtue that we know this and seek no comfort. Above all, let us not proclaim that the limits of our powers correspond to some special wisdom in our choice of life, of learning, or of beauty."

It is this acceptance; it is this acceptance of perpetual precarious balance—this fragile springtime of the mind and the emotions—which needs to characterize our world. It has been a long time in developing. It will be longer in being accepted or applied. But it is probably the only way in which we and our children will be able to live with our future.

Conference Conclusions

IN addition to what the Conference was able to record as its final conclusions, certain things should be added concerning its spirit.

The first of these is that the participants experienced more than they were able to articulate in a set of unanimous conclusions. This is authentic to religious experience, which is unique for every person. Nowhere is this more felt than in a gathering of sensitive people of different religious faiths. Reading about another religion, whose faithful are *in absentia*, and discoursing with men, are totally different.

The participants in the Conference found the deepest meaning in what they were able to do together rather than in shared speculation. They broke bread together in hotels, homes, and church dining rooms, they listened to prayers spoken from varied religious traditions, they welcomed Buddhist refugees from Communist religious persecution, they spoke of their own religious experience and granted the next man the freedom to speak from his. As one keynote speaker noted, the "they" of other religions became "you," and there were moments in which the people became "we."

Humility made the deepest experiences of the Conference a possibility. The great religions are competitive in the exposition of their doctrines, but their adherents can come together only on the basis of the willingness to listen. Each man's religious experiences obliges him to listen to the other man's; giving himself to the neighbor includes lending his ears. Each participant found himself judged by his own faith, and at least on the point of humility the conference was of one mind, each saying in his own way: "All have come short of the glory of God."

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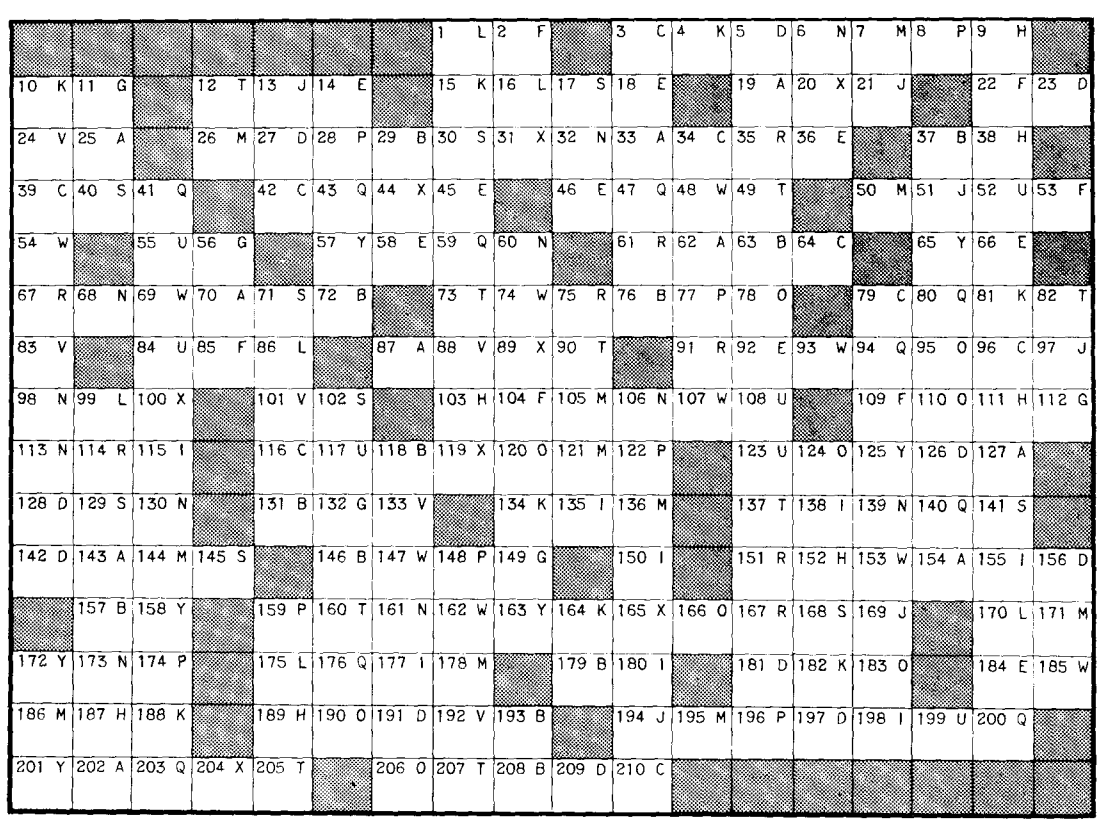
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Residential suburb of Philadelphia, site of well-known college.	127 19 154 33 70 62 87 143 202 25
B. George Eliot's word for waterproof leggings.	157 131 146 179 193 72 208 118 63 76 37 29
C. A kind of fur wrap worn by Amer. Indians in early times.	64 34 210 116 39 42 3 96 79
D. What Bishop Blougram thought to be "all we have gained by our unbelief" (3 wds.).	197 191 5 126 23 142 156 27 209 128 181
E. An ingredient of the Witches' Brew in "Macbeth" (3 wds.).	14 18 58 92 184 66 36 45 46
F. Fates, in ancient Greek religion.	22 2 53 85 109 104
G. Bird life of a region.	132 56 11 112 149
H. The sloping timbers of a roof.	103 111 38 189 152 9 187
I. Imaginary line on a weather chart, marking simultaneous development of a thunderstorm.	150 180 198 138 155 177 135 115
J. Sirius as known to the Egyptians.	194 51 169 13 97 21
K. Twenty per cent (comp.).	134 15 81 4 10 164 188 182
L. Wicked.	1 86 175 16 170 99
M. Valuable chemical found in certain fish oils (2 wds.).	50 136 7 144 186 171 105 195 26 121 178
N. Pertaining to the life history of an individual.	139 113 60 106 161 32 98 68 130 6 173
O. Indian of the Iroquoian tribe which occupied Montreal when discovered by Cartier, 1535.	190 124 166 78 183 95 120 110 206
P. The decade either "Gay" or "Mauve".	28 196 122 8 77 148 174 159
Q. The morning star; non-metallic element.	94 80 176 200 59 47 203 43 140 41
R. Summary of essential points.	167 67 114 61 151 75 91 35
S. One thing the gate-crasher surely was.	129 102 30 168 17 40 141 71 145
T. Bony or membranous part of the internal ear.	205 137 207 90 82 160 49 12 73
U. In U.S. SW, a long stretch of desert region; lit., a day's journey.	123 55 199 52 84 108 117
V. Excessively adorned.	101 24 192 88 133 83
W. Fiends formerly supposed to oppress a sleeper.	162 185 153 147 69 93 48 107 74 54
X. Something Izaak Walton didn't want when he went fishing (2 wds.).	44 20 100 119 204 165 89 31
Y. Specifying a "fund" set apart for a special purpose, added to from time to time.	158 65 125 57 163 172 201

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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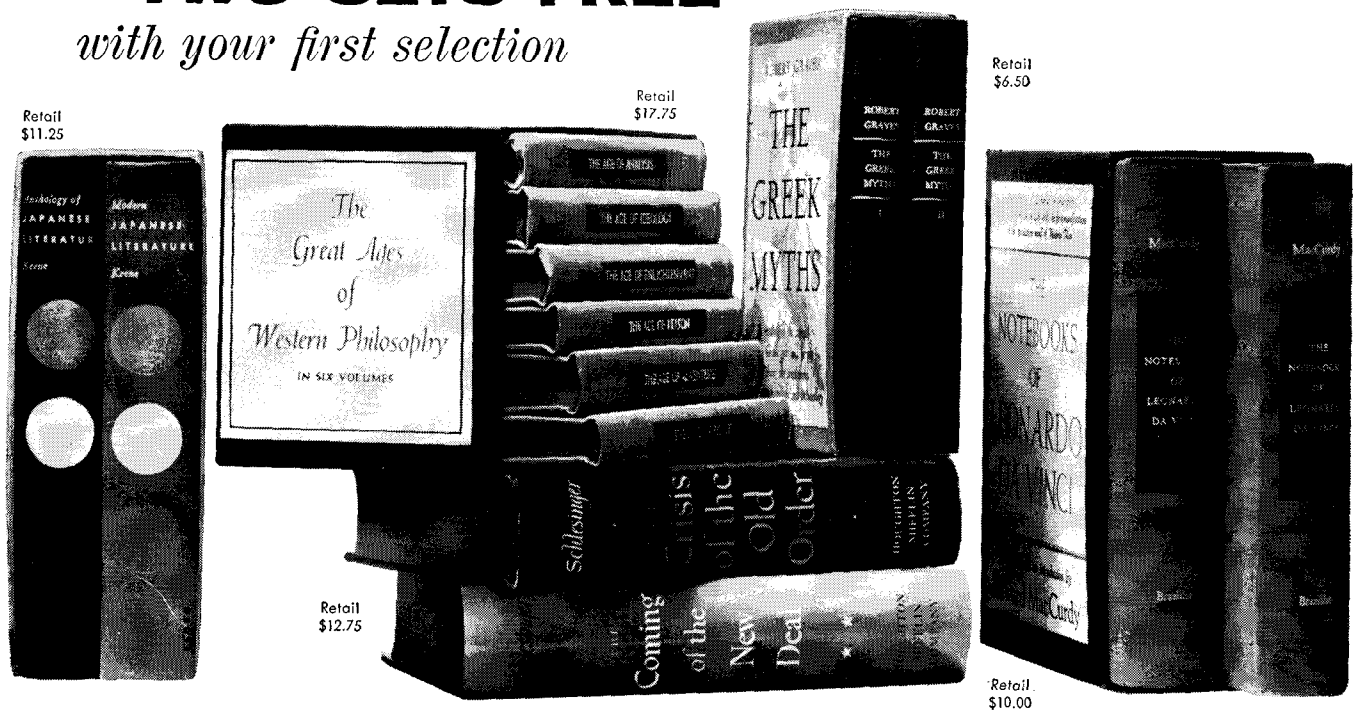

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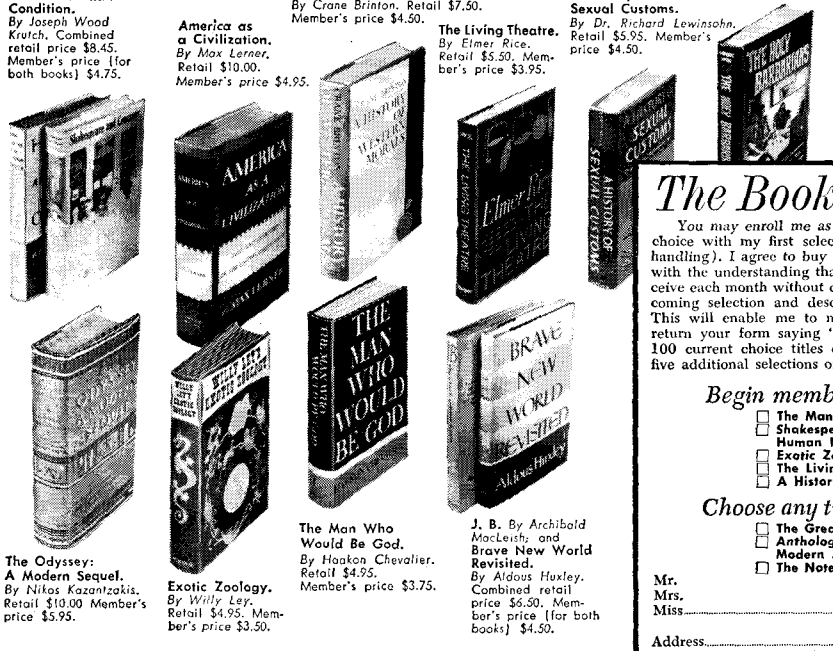

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